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SONG.

The man in the moon looked down one night,
Where a lad and his lass were walking;
Thinks he there must be very huge delight
In this kissing and nonsense talking;
And so there must, ('tis a well known case,)
For it lasts both late and early,
So they talk him down till he covered his face,
They tired his patience fairly.

Then up rose the sun in his morning beams,
And pushed back his night-cap to greet them;
Says he, 'As you boast of your darts and flames,
My darts and my flames shall meet them.'
He scorched them both through the live-long day
But they never once seemed to mind him,
But he laughed outright as they skulked away,
And left a dark world behind him.

Then the man in the moon looked down in a pet,
And said, 'I believe I can cure you;
Tho' my brother has failed, I may conquer ye;—
If not I must try to endure you,
Go home,' he cried, 'and attend to my rules,
And banish all thoughts of sorrow,
Then marry at once ye couple of fools,
And ye'll both be wise to-morrow.

From the Knickerbocker for October.

EASTERN LANDS.

A TALE OF YESTERDAY.

There are certain people in this world, who, let the wind blow wheresoever it may, are forever grumbling. With this class, every thing goes wrong. Grateful for nothing, the more that is done for them, the more is expected.—Half suppressed mutterings, if the bounty fails in the least short of their expectations, constitute their staple of re-payment. Of this class was BOB MORRIS, a native of Blueville, Rhode Island. Bob was a tanner by trade, and could, if he had chosen, have amassed a good property, by a steady application to business. But his ambition was of quite another sort. He wanted money it was true, but his aspiration was, that it might come suddenly and in one bulk. This he was well assured would one day happen; his mother, before her death, having dreamed, three nights running, that her son Bob, would before many years, ride in his carriage, the possessor of an immense fortune.—To sum up all, Bob was idle and envious of his neighbors' prosperity, little thinking that if he had spent the many years at his trade which he had lost in growling and grumbling, under the portico of the tavern, he might have been as well off as any around him, and have stood a good chance of belonging to the honorable body of the selectmen of Blueville.

One bitter cold night, in December, 183–, Bob was seated over a scanty fire, in his miserable shanty, which a humane landlord had permitted him to occupy, rent free. The winds whistled through the wide cracks in the sides of the hovel, and its inmate sat shivering with the cold, his thoughts, as usual, reverting to his own hard fate.

'Ugh! how cold it is!' muttered Bob, his teeth chattering; 'I shan't sleep a wink to-night. 'Tis confounded strange, that some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and others with chains and padlocks on their ankles. There is farmer Hodgson, while ploughing last week, to turn the frost out of the ground, stumbled upon a coal mine. *His* fortune was cut and dried for him, without saying 'boo!' And here am I, as good a man as my neighbors, no better off in the world, at thirty years of age, than I was when I started. Ugh! how very cold! The cracks in this hut are so wide, that the wind plays 'hide and seek' through 'em, and no danger of being caught. Landlords are dreadful close with their purses, now-a-days. To be sure, I don't pay him any rent, but then I think the least he could do, would be to make the house comfortable, and keep it in repair.—It's INFERNAL cold! If the old woman's prophecy don't turn up soon, I shall stand but little chance of being able to enjoy it. Money I must have; how can I get it? I'll go out upon the highway, and rob some one! No, I won't do that neither; I might possibly swing for it, which would 'make it bad.' No, I'll——

Here the cogitations of our hero were interrupted by a loud double rap against the board which served the purpose of a door.

'Knock away!' continued Bob, in the same muttering tone, but without stirring an inch, 'some traveller, I suppose, who wants a direction to the tavern. Let him find it himself; I won't be his drudge!'

Again and again was the knocking repeated, until the 'outside barbarian,' despairing of obtaining permission by peaceable means, gave the door, or rather the board, a furious kick, which burst it in.

'Hullow!' exclamed the intruder, a tall, stout man, wrapped to the throat in a shaggy Tom-and-Jerry, as his eye rested upon Bob, sitting quite composedly before the fire-place.

'Hallo, yourself!' replied Bob, scanning him with no welcome glance.

'Why the devile don't you open the door?" said the new comer.

'Because I didn't choose too. What's your business here?'

'Precious little to do with you,' was the reply. 'Look you here, I want to sleep here to-night, and am willing to pay you for it. If you like it, well and good; if not, you can do the other thing; for over that step I don't budge THIS night. That's all.'

So saying the stranger pushed Bob out of his seat, and slipping into it himself, began very deliberately to poke the dying embers of the fire. Bob instantly determined to eject him by force from his premises, but a second look at the size and muscle, convinced him that he might come off second best is such an attempt. Swallowing his wrath, therefore, he growled a reluctant welcome.

'What's your name?' asked Bob.

'You may call me Joe Jenkins, if you choose; if not, you may let it alone,' was the reply.

'I say,' continued the stranger, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he had been vainly endeavoring to make a blaze 'from the scanty coals,' what have you got to drink.'

'Plenty of water in the spring, answered Morris.

'Oh, there is, is there?' said Jenkins, with the air of a man to whom an importance fact had just been disclosed. 'There's half a dollar; let's have some brandy, 'mazing sudden.'

Quick as thought, Bob clutched the piece of silver, as if he feared his guest might change his mind; and in an incredible short space of time, he marched into the bar-room of the Red Lion.

'I want a quart of branky,' said he raising his head as high as any in the room.

'I dare say,' replied Boniface, with a wink to a group of such 'loafers' as are always to be found in the bar-room of a tavern; 'I never knew the day you didn't. But who's to *pay* for it, Bob?'

'I am, to be sure,' replied he, 'planking' the half dollar.

'Hallo!' exclaimed Boniface, with the utmost surprise, 'where did you raise that? I'm afraid that you did not come honestly by that money, Bob.'

'Very well, if you won't let me have the liquor, I'll go somewhere else.'

'Oh, no, no!' said the landlord, 'your money is good, Mr. Morris. Who says I ever turned a customer away!'

Bob pocketed his change without a word of comment, and taking his jug; turned his face toward home. Great was his consternation, upon entering his hovel, at finding his visitor upon the point of splitting up the only table he owned in the world.

'Hallo here!' cried he, setting down the vessel, and catching hold of one leg of the table, 'what the devil are you about?'

'Don't you see!' answered Jenkins, wrenching off the top; 'I'm breaking up this old table for fuel. You shall have one fire, at all events. Devil take it, man! do you suppose I'm going to freeze?'

Bob resolutely defended his property, but all in vain. Piece after piece was broken off, and thrown on to the fire, the spite of all he could do; and with a tear in his eye, he beheld the conflagration of his red pine table.

'And now, my boy!' said Jenkins, 'I'll make your fortune in Eastern Lands.'

Bob's ears were wide open to receive any thing relating to fortune; so, forgetting his grievences at once, he helped to empty the jug of brandy, and then set him down, an attentive listener to what fell from the lips of his guest. Daylight found them in the same position; but a neighbor happening to call at the hut, a little after sunrise, found it empty. Bob and his visitor were among the missing. Numberless were the conjectures, as to what had become of the former; no one, of course, knowing that he had absconded in company with any body. The landlord of the 'Red Lion' reported with additions and variations, the story, that Bob had entered his house the evening previous, bought a quart of brandy, and *paid for it on the spot*, a thing which had never before happened within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and for which he could in no wise account; and that he also declared, after getting it safely in his possession, that as he expected to leave the world that night he had determined his last hours should be merry ones. As this was the most exaggerated story that was manufactured at Bob's expense, it was deemed bravely possible, and finally firmly believed, by one and all. Satan had unquestionably claimed his own, and transported the victim to the infernal regions.

The best story however, soon wears out; and it so chanced with the tale of Bob's abduction. At first it engrossed the tea table conversation of every gossip in the village. Then it was declared insipid, by the more fashonable circles. The middle classes followed the example, till at last the lowest laborers, forgot the subject, or only mentioned it as a remembrance of bygone days.

Precisely seven month's after Bob's disappearance, on a hot July afternoon, a superb carriage rattled through the turnpike gate of Blueville, and drove up to the sign of the 'Red Lion.' Presently there descended from it a man dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, after eyeing his establishment with evident satisfaction, turned to the house.

'Here John, Tom, Dick! where are you all?' shouted the obsequious landlord.

'Landlord! said the stranger,' with a prompous air.

"Your humble servant, Sir.'

'Have my horses rubbed down.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Hay and oats—the best.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Order supper, immediatly.'

'Yes—Sir.'

'And if it aint dont in the best manner, I'll horsewhip you!'

'Yes, sir—yes, sir;' and the landlord bustled away to execute his orders. Supper was announced, and the stranger, entering an adjoining room, commenced devouring the various dishes with heavy gusto.

'What are you looking at landlord?' said the stranger, pausing a moment to take breath.

'At you, Sir.'

'At me? Why, what do you see in me, to attract your attention?'

'Aint you—you *must* be—Bob Morris?'

'Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, if you please. I am no longer the plain Bob Morris; call me so again, and I'll throw you out of the window. I've made a fortune within six months; three hundred thousand dollars, all in Eastern Lands. Hold on to your eyes, landlord, or you'll loose 'em, they're half out of your head already.—Keep still about it, or by the powers! if it goes beyond you, I'll not answer for your life!'

Away went Boniface, just as Bob desired, and told it to a neighbor, under a strict injunction of secrecy; this neighbor told it to another, who, in his turn, told it to a dozen others, and before sunset, it was known in every house in Blueville that Bob Morris had returned an Esquire, and as rich as a Jew.

Instantly, invitations upon pink, green, and blue paper were left at the 'Red Lion,' addressed to Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, requesting the honor of his company. Crowds flocked around the tavern; the 'Lion' was never so well patronised. Head above head, appeared at the window of the dining room, wherein the rich man was seated. The lawyer and justice of the peace, came very near tripping one another up as they entered the bar room, in their haste to pay their respects. That evening Bob passed at justice Wormwood's.

'Have you any land for sale?' inquired the Justice, as Bob summed up the profits that had accrued to him from one speculation.

'I believe I have a *few* lots,' replied Mr. Fitzmorris, slowly, at the same time drawing a map from his pocket: 'Here is a plan of the city of Gullem, Maine. Lot fifty-three is unchecked. Come, I'll sell you that; right in the centre of the city, and just where the depot of the "Grand United North American Eastern Rail Road and forwarding Company" will be located.'

'But is the road finished?' interrupted the Justice.

'Not quite,' answered Bob, with a slight cough; when I left, three months ago, there was a bill in the lower house of the Maine Legislature for the incorporation of the company. By this time it has passed; the track has undoubtedly been commenced, and——'

'But consider, my dear sir,' again interrupted the Justice, 'the bill may have been defeated.'

'No such thing!' replied Bob, fiercely. 'Is my word good for nothing?'

'Oh, no, no—pray go on, Sir.'

'I will read you,' continued Mr. Fitzmorris, producing a newspaper, 'a short paragraph from the Gullem Republican Banner, and Independent Tower of Freedom.'

'The city of Gullem is pleasently situated upon the banks of Nowhere river, within half a mile of the extensive water works of the 'United States Calico Stamping and North American Cloth dyeing Company,' which are now under consideration, and which will be built in the course of a few years. The proposed canal of the enterprising Water Company, uniting the waters of the St, Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, will pass directly across the northern boundary line, near where the great eastern turnpike empties in. The city itself is beautifully laid out in squares, and even now contains upwards of ten dwelling houses, together with a meeting house in progress of erection. A splendid hotel is also contemplated, to stand on the vacant ground next the corner lot, offered for sale by the editor of this paper in another column of to-day's impression. In short, we venture to predict, that at no distant day, Gullem will become the greatest commercial mart of the East. The causes are obvious.—The contemplated canal, the proposed railroad, combined with the intended extensive water works, cannot fail to render Gullem a city of the greatest importance and first rank.'

'Now my dear sir,' said Bob, folding up the paper, 'what think you of fifty-three?—directly in the centre of Washington Square, opposite the 'Eastern Moonshine Bank,' which will undoubtedly be built, so soon as the company is formed. Now is your chance. I ask but five hundred dollars; fifty four sold for a thousand.'

'Do you think I can sell it at a profit?' inquired the justice.

'Treble your money in six weeks! Wait but till the railroad, the canal, and the water works get going, and the lot will sell for eight or ten hundred per cent. profit. I'll guarantee it.'

'Will you give me that in writing, if I buy the land?'

'I will,' replied Bob, unhesitatingly.

'Then, sir, I'll give you an answer to-morrow.'

Mr. Fitzmorris took up his hat, and wishing the justice good night, repaired to the 'Red Lion,' where, before he went to bed, he struck a bargain with the landlord for a small strip of Gullem, at the rate of a hundred dollars an acre, half to be paid cash on the nail, and the remainder in bond and mortgage, at one and two years.

The next day Blueville was all alive with speculation in eastern lands. A special town meeting was held, and it was voted unanimously, to invest the surplus revenue of the parish in Gullem house lots, through the agency of Robert Fitzmorris, Esq. Justice Wormwood bought lot fifty-three, and long before noon, every inch of ground, houselots, and meadow and paster land, in the possession of our hero, was all sold; the purchasers paying cash upon the spot. So many deeds could not be made out at once; the town crier therefore circulated notice, far and near, that early on Monday morning, the deeds would be ready for delivery. It was then Saturday. Things passed off quietly until Sunday afternoon, when Bob suddenly ordered his horses to be put into his carrage, and, telling Boniface he was going only to drive a little distance into the country, jumped into his carrage and then drove off apparently for a ride. He kept on. until Blueville had long been lost in the distance, when he stopped by the side of a thick clump of trees and giving a low whistle, a man appeared, whom he immediately recognised as Mr. Joe Jenkins.

'Aha! exclaimed Jenkins, 'how did you make out?'

'First rate!' replied Bob, producing several bags of dollars.

The spoils were divided, each receiving seven hundred dollars in specie.

'And now,' said Jenkins, 'we must make ourselves scarce. Take up the reins Bob, and crack away. Bob did so, and a few hours sufficed to carry them far enough from Blueville.

Great was the dismay depicted upon the countenances of all concerned in Gullem lands, when they gathered about the 'Red Lion,' on Monday morning, upon, upon being informed by the landlord that Bob had a second time absconded.

'By Christopher,' exclaimed Justice Wormwood, 'my five hundred dollars and lot fifty three are gone with him.'

'The parish fund has gone to the devil!' growled the parish clerk.

'He didn't pay his board, and has carried off my fifty dollars?' echoed Boniface, of the 'Red Lion.'

'Well, we always predicted how he'd turn out!' said a number. who had been secretly envious, that they were not able to buy lots in Gullem.

This, then, is the reason why Blueville never got a head. This little circumstance put a hamper upon the enterprise of her merchants. A speculator is an outlawed personage there; and to this day, its inhabitanst cannot bear the name of 'Eastern Lands,' without involuntarily gnashing their teeth. They speak of the above transaction but seldom, and invariably as 'the dead shave!'

THE PIASAU BIRD.

The following well told legend (says the Portland Adv.) is from Jones *Illinois and the West*. It is about an immense and hedious animale, half bird and half beast that in times of your used to carry off men, women and children as easily as a hawk would a chickin.—Query. Does not this bird, or something as destructive, now destroy men, women and children, as it was wont to do in *Auld Lang Syne*? Do we not find in the description of this monster something emblematical of the sweeping diseases which bring many of the unacclimated to a premature grave? But here is the story:—

"Time out of mind, the powerful tribe which dwelt in the region of country in the neighborhood of Alton was called the Illini, or Illinios, & from which the present state derives its name. This tribe extended far and wide, numbered many thousand warriors whose valor and craftiness ensured them success over all their enemies. Their hunting grounds extended for many a league below and above the location of their city, which was situated upon the bold bluffs now resounding with the busy hum of life and labor from the growing city of Alton. Thence to the waters of the Wabash in the east, they held unlimited sway, and ranged the unbroken forests and unfenced prairies freely and fearlessly as the stag and buffalo which they hunted. There they lived and triumphed, multiplying and increasing in wealth and power, fearless of invasion and commanding the respect and exciting the envy of each lesser tribe around. No warriors so brave, no horses so beautiful and fleet, no hosts so invincible, as those of the Illinois.

"In the midst of their prosperity, in the reign of the illustrious Owatoga, chief to this warlike tribe—whose name to this day is uttered with the profoundest reverence by every Indian warrior, and whose virtue and noble daring they emulate—many, many hundred moons before the oars of the whiteman dipped in the curling wave of the "Fateer of Waters," they were terrified with a fearful visitation from the Great Spirit. There appeared upon the inaccessible bluffs, where it made its home, an immense and hideous animal, half bird, half beast, which, from the circumstance of its having wings, they called the Piasau Bird. The name, is significent of the character of the monster which it designates—it means "*the man-destroying Bird.*" This bird is described as being of gigantic size, capable of bearing off with ease in its talons, a horse or buffalo. Its head and beak were like those of a vulture, with eyes of the most dazzling brilliancy; its wings black as the raven and clothed with thunder, making a most fearful noise in its heavy flight; its legs, four in number, and talons, like those of a mighty eagle; its body similar to that of a dragon, ending with a tail of huge dimension like to a scorpion. Its body was gorgeously colored with every hue, and in its flight it made a most imposing spectacle, inspiring terror, awe and wonder. Such was this strange visiter who had taken up its abode in their sacred cliffs; and while their priests were studying the omen, whether it should be for good or evil, all doubt was dissipated by the sudden descent of the bird into their midst, which seized one of their bravest warriors, in its talons and bore him as a prey to its wild eyrie in the rocks. Never again was the unfortunate victim seen by his friends. But the sacrifice was not complete. Brave after brave, and women and children not a few, were borne off in succession by the fierce devourer, whose appetite seemed but to be whetted to a keener set, the more it tasted of human blood."

"Such was the fearful state of things, when the brave Owatoga, chief of this mighty tribe, sought out his priests, and with them retiring to a secret place, fasted many days, and with all the mumery of their religion sought the will of the Great Spirit. At length, in a trance it was revealed to Otwatoga, that the terrible visitant, who had hitherto eluded their utmost sagacity, might be destroyed. The mode was this. First, a noble victim was to be selected from amongst the bravest warriors of the tribe, who by religious rites was to be sanctified for the sacrifice. Secondly, twenty, equally as brave, with their stoutest bows and sharpest arrows, were to conceal themselves near the spot of sacrifice. The victim was to be led forth, and singly to take his stand upon an exposed point of the rock, where the revenous bird would be likely to note and seize upon him.—At the moment of descent the concealed warriors were to let fly their arrows with the assurance that he would fall.

"On the day appointed, the braves, armed agreeably to the instruction of the vision, safely reached their hiding place, which commanded a full view of the fatal platform. The name of the victim had been kept profoundly secret, up to the sacrificial hour. Judge, then, the consternation, when, dressed in his proudest robes, Owatoga appeared at the head of his tribe, himself the voluntary victim. The tears and shrieks of the women, and the expostulation of all his chiefs availed nothing; he was bent upon his solemn and awful purpose. "Brothers and children," he addressed them, waving his hand in which he held a short wand, and which procured for him instant and profound audience, "the Great Spirit is angry with his children.—He hath sent us this scourge to punish us for our sins. He hath demanded this sacrifice. Who so fit as your chief? The blood of my heart is pure. Who will bring any charge against Owatoga? Many moons have I been your chieftain. I have led you to conquest and glory. I have but this sacrifice to make, and I am a free spirit. I am a dry tree, leafless and branchless. Soon shall I sink upon the wide prairie and moulder away. Cherish and obey the sapling that springs up at my root. May he be braver and wiser than his sire. And when the Great Spirit smiles upon you and delivers you, forget not the sacrifice of Owatoga. Hinder me not—I go forth to the sacrifice."

"With a calm and proud brow walked forth the doomed leader of the mighty Illinis, and took his station on the appointed spot. Soon was the ill-omened bird seen hovering over the place, and after wheeling about for a few moments high above the head of the devoted chief, nearing at each gyration the unquailing victim, suddenly he came thundering down towards his prize. In a instant, the barbed arrows from twenty sure bows buried themselves to the feather in the body of the common foe, and he fell quivering and dead at the feet of the noble chieftain—himself escaping unscathed.

"Unbounded joy and rejoicing succeeded the

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION.

FOR A DAY OF

PUBLIC PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

The people of this State, having at the commencement of the year, at the request of the Executive and in accordance with an established custom, suitedly and publicly confessed their transgressions, and imp'ored a blessing upon the labors of the coming season; and the Almighty Ruler of the Universe having been pleased to remember and bless us with more than common mercies; it becomes us, in compliance with another venerable custom of our fathers, at the close of the ingathering of the bounteous harvest, and in the midst of the abundant productions of the earth, to unite in the observance of a day of Thanksgiving and praise to the Author of all good and the Father of all mercies.

I do, therefore with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, to be observed as a day of public Praise and Thanksgiving; and the people of this State are requested to assemble on that day, in their respective places of public worship, and to unite in religious exercises appropriate to the occasion.

May it be a day consecrated to the high and holy purpose of devout gratitude to Almighty God, for his mercies and his blessings unmerited and yet unnumbered. Let us thank God, that our civil and religious liberty is continued to us; that our rights, have been protected, and that peace the first desire and greatest blessing of civilized and christian nations, has been uninterruptedly enjoyed by our State; that wasting and destroying pestilence has not visited us, and that health and strength have been so remarkably preserved to our people; that the earth has been clothed in beauty and magnificence for the gratification as well as the comfort of man, that the seed, committed to it in confidence and hope, watered and quickened by the rain and dews and sunshine of heaven, has yielded a plentiful harvest; and that we are now surrounded by the abundant productions of our soil, at once the gift and the proof of the kindness of our Father and our God.

Whilst we remember and recount our temporal mercies, let us acknowledge, with still deeper gratitude, those which relate to our moral and religious interests.

Let us thank God for the means of education and intellectual improvement, which reache even the humblest citizen of our republic; for all the moral influences which are in operation to enlighten, to purify, and to elevate the whole community and the whole family of man; and above all, that, in the midst of the corruptions and wickedness of the land, and of the zealous efforts of atheism and infidelity, the pure and holy and sanctifying religion of Jesus Christ is yet as a 'lamp to our feet and a light to our path,' supporting by its influence the only sure foundations of civil government, and sustaining by its promises the hopes of the humble, and by its principles the virtue and holiness of the devout disciple.

As we assemble around the table of God's bounty, on this our annual festival, and remembered in gratitude and with thanksgiving, his mercies to us as a people, as individuals in our social and domestic relations, let us remember in kindness and sympathy, the poor, the oppressed and the destitute; let us cherish those kind benevolent affections, which shall lead us to smooth the rough paths of life, regarding each other in the spirit of charity as brethren of one common Father, and bound together by the indissoluble ties of a common nature and a common destiny.

And the people of this State are requested to abstain from their usual labors on that day, and from all recreations, inconsistent with the due observance of a solemn festival of devout thanksgiving.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Augusta this second day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, and in the sixty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America.

EDWARD KENT.

By the Governor.
SAMUEL P. BENSON, Secretary of State.

PUNCTUALITY.

We have received a copy of an address delivered by Mr. Charles Holden, before the Maine Charitable Mechanic Association, on the subject of punctuality, which is fraught with that sound and sterling good sense, with which whatever comes from his hand or his head or his heart, so abundantly abounds. If our limits would permit, we would publish the whole of it, but must content ourselves with making the following extract. *Maine Farmer.*

How frequently is the remark made, by one friend to another, I want such a job done,—who is the best man to do it? And how often the reply has been—Mr. A. is a capital workman, but so dilatory that you can make no calculation when your work will be finished.

How ruinous is such a habit to a Mechanic's success in business. As soon as it is well known that he is unfaithful to his promises, his good customers begin to leave him. They intend to pay for their articles, and they must have them punctually. The customers left to a Mechanic whose reputation is established for this system of deceiving—of promising without performing—are those who are not prompt to pay in their turn—and have therefore been turned away where *Mr. Punctuality* hangs out his sign: For he has business enough to do for those who have learned his value, and will promptly pay for his labor. How such a want of fidelity must weigh a man down! He works as hard, and often harder, after his fashion, than the one just named—but from this vile habit that has fastened upon him, is always behind his work—And his apprentices, with this influence, go forth into the world to provide for themselves—to erect their shop somewhere, and earn a livelihood. But how they have been *mis*-educated! Their master may have been an ingenious workman—he may have learned them the most intricate refinements of his trade—but he has also fastened upon them that which with all their skill, will very likely be a hindrance to them all their lives. A five or a six years example has made them negligent to fulfil their promises—has inducted them into the same procrastinating habits which so injured their master. Like the youth, who, living within the influence of an intemperate father, sees the effects of his indulgence with horror at first—but in whom every repetition subdues a little of that horror—until, when the lad reaches manhood very likely he sees nothing objectionable in indulging, and probably not only becomes a drunkard himself but plunges into other vices incidental to that habit—so will that example of the master, in nine cases in ten, not only undermine professional integrity, but it will also affect the moral man: And Punctuality, in business will not be more neglected than will Punctuality in the duties of the citizen, the husband, the father. If it were my son, I would rather, at the end of seven years' apprenticeship, he should leave the workshop totally ignorant of the trade for which he entered, than that he should come out nicely versed in his trade, but with his morals affected by a looseness in his veracity—by a disregard of his pledged word—tainted by the wicked thought, that if not bound by a writen bond, he is not liable to fulfil—as though the mere forming of a few letters upon paper beneath a promise, were any more binding upon an honest man, than words spoken—with that oracular power God has given us—by the tongue and from the heart!

It may with truth be said, that the mechanic who invariably finishes his work at the time appointed—whose name is up for punctuality—in ordinary times, never will be obliged, for want of work to stand at his shop door idle. He will be sought after, for this virtue, which so commends itself to all. And he cannot learn an apprentice one rule in the whole catalogue relative to his trade, of more importance than this—*never promise unless you are morally certain you can fulfil.*

AN UNDEVELOPED GENIUS.

The difficulties in the way of an "undeveloped genius," are thus soliloquised in Neal's "Charcoal Sketches."

"How," said he, "how is it I can't level down my expressions to the comprehensions of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar to comprehension of my expressions! How is it I can't get the spigot out, so my verses will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editors may say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat, and would have done it long ago, only it hurts. I'm chock full of genius and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular. I have the melancholies all the time, and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as the devil, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and gets into a passion whenever you touch it.—When I condescend to unbozzum myself for a little sympathy, to folks of ornery intellect—and comparisoned to me—I know very few people that arn't ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feeling indigginus to a poetic soul, which is always biling; they ludicrate my situation, and say they don't know what the deuce I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set us in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells and swells, till it almost tears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dicky; when it expansuates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompious. The poor plebians are worse than Russian scurfs! It is the fate of genius; it is his'n, or rather her'n, to go through life with little sympathyzation and less cash. Life's a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers, while genius proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes torn in his trousers."

BOOK FARMING. But will any one say that this book farming is all nonsense? It answers no purpose? How is a true thing the worse for being printed? and how much easier to detect a printed lie, than one that goes from mouth to mouth with instant variations. You have the facts put down so that they cannot be altered. And if it depends upon one man telling his neighbor, and he another, the fourth man's story bears scarcely any resemblance to the first.—It might, indeed, come back to the first man as a piece of great news. Carpenters, mill-wrights and workers in metals, all study their books—Cloth dressers, dyers, and distillers, all have their books. A farmer will hunt up an old newspaper to find somebody's new way of curing hams but if he is asked to read in a book a way of increasing his crops, his answer is, pshaw! don't know at all about it! [Address before the Union Ag. Society.

APPLES FOR HOGS. As the apples usually given to hogs are very liable to decay, it is much better to put them under cover in a cold place, where they will freeze and remain frozen, than to put them in the cellar where they will be liable to rot. Frozen apples, when warmed are probably as good for hogs as though they were sound. We heard a farmer, who wintered his hogs in good condition mostly on apples, say that frozen apples warmed were preferred by his hogs to sound ones, when both kinds were given to them. We think that apples and apple pomace, as the principal ingredient in the food of hogs, is the cheapest food that can be raised for them; this food should be cooked, and bran, meal, &c. mixed with it.—Portland News Letter.

The Bunker Hill Aurora remarks that, in a few years a guide will be wanted to point out the battle-field, in Charlestown, and that persons will be told that the heat of the battle was fought in that man's back yard!—that the assault was made about in front of that man's barn-door! and that Warren fell somewhere in the vicinity of that gutter!

Easter Cigars.—The editor of the Eastern Argus in describing a cigar which a loafer was puffing in the street, says, "from the odour, we are inclined to believe is was made of dried dog skin, hen feathers, fish scales, pennyroyal, and india rubber."

☞A man in the West says he is so thin he can't see his own shadow, and that Calvin Edson was an Alderman compared with him. We presume it is the same man who mistook a shingle taken by the wind for one of his children.

You may indeed add sugar to vinegar, but cannot make it wine again.

TO MUSICIANS.

JUST received, on consignment, a general assortment of Musical Instruments, which will be sold at the Boston prices;—among which are *VIOLINS, CLARIONETS, FLUTES, TROMBONE, FRENCH HORN, BUGLE, TRUMPET, FIFES, &c. &c*

W. E GOODNOW.

Norway, Oct. 13, 1838. 3w9

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD ss:—Sept. 24, 1838. Taken on execution and to be sold at Public Vendue, on Saturday the 27th of October next, at one of the clock, P M., at Wm. B. Bray's Store in Turner, all the right in equity which Enoch Gammon has to redeem the following described real estate, situated in said Turner, in said County, being lot No. 229 and 230, the same being subject to said Gammon's Mortgage to Stephen Gammon.

2w9 JONA. C. PHILLIPS, Dep't Sheriff.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

DUDLEY PIKE,

late of Norway, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to NATHANIEL PIKE.

Norway Oct. 16, 1838. *3w10

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

SIMEON RYERSON,

late of Paris, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs, He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to WILLIAM WALKER.

Paris Oct. 16, 1838. *3w10

NOTICE.

I hereby give public notice that I have discharged to my son, Cyprian Bowker Jr., all claims to his services or earnings until he shall arrive at mature age—and I shall not be responsible for his support.

CYPRIAN BOWKER.

Witness,—JOHN M. BOWKER,
Woodstock Oct. 16, 1838. *3w10

Farm for Sale.

TO be sold at public Auction on the twenty-fifth day of Dec. next, on the premises, at one o clock P M., unless previously disposed of at private sale, the Farm situated in Paris, now owned and occupied by the subscriber, formerly owned by Josiah Bisco, Esq and known as the Bisco farm, containing about one hundred and seventy acres of land of the best quality, with a two story dwelling house, a barn 50 by 40 feet and out buildings, all in good repair—an orchard containing the best kind of grafted fruit, together with a variety of pear trees of the best kind. Said firm is well fenced with good stone wall, and is allowed to be one of the best farms in the County of Oxford.

Terms easy and made known at the time and place of sale For further particulars, enquire of the subscriber on the premises.

JOSIAH J. KNIGHT.

Paris, Oct 26, 1838. tf11

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight—

ON the petition of Simeon Barrett administrator of the estate of Joshua Ford late of Sumner, in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of $ 65 and praying for license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said county, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the twenty-seventh day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted,

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

3w11 Copy, Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

GERMAN CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Silk & Worsted Vestings.

GEO. H. KENDALL,

HAS received from New York and Boston, a new stock of WOOLEN GOODS, viz:—

Blue and Black superfine GERMAN CLOTHS—
Polish and Citron Green " " "
Twilled black and Mulberry " " "
Dahlia, Invisible Green, and Olive *London Cloths*,
Blues, Browns, Clarets and blacks, low priced "

Cassimeres and Sattinetts, Rich Figured Satin and Valencia Vestings, Merinos, Col'd Worsteds, Damask Cloths, Napkins, Lawns and Linens.

—ALSO—

Batting, Wadding, Ticking, Stripes, Sheetings and Shirtings

WANTED AS ABOVE,

2000 YDS all Wool and Cotton and Wool Domestic FLANNEL.

200 Doz. Woollen SOCKS Mixed and White Yarn in exchange for Goods

No. 43, Clapp's Buildings, Middle Street.

Oct. 17 [4w4] PORTLAND

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers have formed a connexion in business under the firm of

A. K. SHURTLEFF & CO.

and have taken the store formerly occupied by Mr. SAMUEL H. STEVENS, opposite the head of Central Wharf Fore Street, where they offer for sale a good assortment of

W. INDIA GOODS & GROCERIES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AMBROSE K. SHURTLEFF,
JOHN G. WARREN,

Portland, Oct. 1, 1838. 3w10

FOUND,

AT the Regimental Muster, in Paris, on the 17th of September, a PURSE, containing a small quantity of money,—which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges

Apply to SETH B. HILBORN.

Greenwood, Oct 16, 1838. 3w9

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that, by virtue of a License from the Hon Court of Probate, within and for the County of Oxford, there will be sold at Public Vendue, on the premises, in Waterford, on Tuesday, the 20th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon, so much of the real estate of Luther Brigham, late of Waterford, deceased, as will produce the sum of three hundred and ten dollars. Said real estate consists of the right to redeem lot No. 10 in the 6th Range of lots in said Waterford, being the homestead of the said Luther Brigham, including the reversion of the widow's dower, containing about 100 acres of land, exclusive of the Dower, and about 20 acres under improvement, having a large and valuable wood lot.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

ROSEMOND BRIGHAM,
Administratrix.

Waterford, Oct 16, 1838 3w9

NOTICE!

THE subscriber would *once* more remind those indebted to him, whose notes or accounts have been *one year* standing, that they *MUST be settled*, IMMEDIATELY!!! FRANCIS BEMIS

Oct 1, 1838. tf7

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.

DANIEL PEIRCE, named *Executor* in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of John Peirce, late of Hiram, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg in said county, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and Testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

3w10 Copy, Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

New Doctrine.

We will consider the brain and the spinal marrow as the galvanic battery, and the nerves as the conductors of the galvanic (nervous) fluid, in which originate all our motions, pleasures, pains, feelings, affections, thoughts, and sentiments; and yet as the nerves form a part of our system, their healthy action depends upon the blood. If the blood be vitiated, the nervous fluid from the blood must be the same, and vitiated nervous fluid cannot produce healthy or proper motion, thoughts, feelings or sentiments, so that quarrels, murders, suicides, and every kind of crime or cruelty, may be legitimately traced to a *bad or corrupted state of the blood*

From an unpublished work of Dr. Brandreth.

TWENTY-FIVE FACTS.

1st—All animal *bodies* originate from a fluid.

2d.—By the circulation of a fluid, animal bodies are formed, increased and supported.

3d.—This life giving circulating fluid is the *BLOOD.*

4th.—An ordinary man contains about three and a half gallons, or twenty eight pounds of blood.

5th.—About two ounces of blood are propelled by the heart at each contraction.

6th.—The heart contracts seventy times per minute, therefore all the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes.

7th.—The body is constantly subject to two distinct processes, viz:—decomposition and reorganization.

8th—Reorganization is affected by the blood, which flowing from the heart through the arteries, supplies the waste of the system, by restoring decayed parts.

9th.—The blood in its return to the heart through the veins, brings with it those particles which have become deleterious through decomposition.

10th.—The mere fluid of these deleterious particles pass from the body through the skin in the shape of perspiration; but the grosser humors are discharged through excretories into the bowels.

11th.—A want of proper action in these natural drains is the primary cause of all disease.

12th—The natural outlets being closed, the decayed particles or morbid humors must either be retained in the blood, or laid down somewhere within the body.

13th.—The particular kind of disease which shall ensue depends altogether on the part wherein the morbid humors may finally be lodged.

14th.—The same humor, which when lodged in the liver, causes bilious complaints, would, if lodged in the lungs, cause consumption; or if in the membranes and muscles, rheumatism, &c.

15th.—All those derangements of the system, which receive the name of separate diseases, are, in fact, only so many different modification of one effect resulting from one cause.

16.—The cause *IS THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.*

17th.—All effects cease when the cause is removed; therefore purify the blood, and disease *MUST VANISH.*

18th.—There is no effectual method of purifying the blood, except by the use of a vegetable physic.

19th—This vegetable physic must be of such a nature that it may be taken for any length of time without injury to the digestive organs.

20th. The ONLY MEDICINE KNOWN to possess those properties, is Dr Brandreth's Universal Vegetable Pills.

21st. These pills were brought to their present state of perfection eighty years ago, by Dr William Brandreth, (grandfather to Dr Benjamin Brandreth, the present proprietor,) who spent thirty years in investigating the Vegetable Kingdom, in order that he might discover a medicine which should at once purify and remove by purgation all bad humors from the blood, by the stomach and bowels; and at the same time by acting harmoniously with the system, do no violence to the constitution.

22d.—The numerous cures that have been effected by these Pills, and recommendations of thousands who have used them, prove conclusively that Dr Brandreth has fully attained his philanthropic object.

23d.—These Pills have now been in use over eighty years, therefore, all who have ever published *PRETENDED* Vegetable Universal Pills were only unworthy imitators of Dr. Brandreth, and their medicines resemble his only in the name.

24th.—The *BRANDRETH PILLS* possess the *UNRIVALLED* power of completely curing the most inveterate disease; simply because they purify the blood.

25th.—Said Pills can never be obtained *GENUINE* at any drug stores either in the city or country—and as many druggists are known to be busily engaging in *COUNTERFEITING* them; those wanting the *GENUINE*, will be only safe from avoiding their stores.

DR BRANDRETH'S OWN OFFICE IS 19 HANOVER *STREET, BOSTON*, All persons who wish for Agencies must apply there.

All persons selling the Counterfeit Pills will be indicted for Felony. *NO CHEMIST SELL THE GENUINE.*

Aug. 14th, 1838. 3m52.

SPECTACLES!

DOUBLE and single eyed, in great variety.

ALSO,

GOGGLES, for sale at the Oxford Book Store, by

W. E. GOODNOW.

Oct. 1838. 3w9

NOTICE.

ASIAH T. NOYES,
Tailor & Draper.

WOULD inform the inhabitants of Paris and vicinity, that he has removed from Portland and taken Rooms on Paris Hill, where he intends to carry on the Tailoring Business in all its branches.

N. B. Garments made by him are warranted to fit He will also pay attention to cutting and making MILITARY COATS and PANTS.

CUTTING done to order.

Paris Hill, Aug. 17, 1838. tf 1

BEADS!!!

FOR sale at the Oxford Bookstore, the *best and greatest variety* of GOLD, Imitation, Gilt, Glass, Earthern, and other BEADS, that have been offered in this market for a long time. LADIES, call and see!

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Oct. 13, 1838. 3w9

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, or Private sale, by license of the Court of Probate, on Monday, the 29th day of October, next, at one o'clock, P. M. at the dwelling house of Job Packard, in said Buckfield,—a certain piece of land, lying in said Buckfield, adjoining the land of said Job and the same of which Jonathan Packard, late of said Buckfield, deceased, died seized and possessed, and now the estate of his minor heirs, for whose benefit it is to be sold.

Also the said minors' interest in the Real Estate of which Michael Knight, late of Falmouth, in the County of Cumberland, deceased, died seized and possessed; it being four sixths parts of one fourth part of the same.

SAM'L F. BROWN, Guardian.

Buckfield, Oct. 2, 1838. 3w7

Commissioners' Notice.

The subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Stephen Emery, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors, to the estate of Earl Wood, late of Turner in said County, deceased, hereby give notice, that six months from the twentieth, inst. are allowed to said creditors, to bring in and prove their claims against said estate; and that they will attend to that service, at the dwelling-house of Job Prince, in said Turner, on the last Saturday of December and third Saturday of March next, from one to five o'clock P. M. on each of said days.

JOB PRINCE,
ALDEN BLOSSOM, } Commissioners.

Turner Sept. 22, 1838. tf9

MORTGAGEE'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned hold a mortgage of Lot numbered ten (or a part thereof,) situated in Andover North Surplus, being in common and undivided with Eben. Bodwell, or a lot that he formerly owned, containing fifty acres, more or less, which mortgage was executed by Cushman Morse, of said Surplus, to John Farrington of Andover, April 4, 1836, and by him assigned to us August 3, 1838. Said mortgage was made to secure the payment of said Morse's five notes dated April 4, 1836, for fifty dollars each, and payable in one, two, three, four and five years, with annual interest. Part of said notes being due and remaining unpaid, the undersigned claim to have possession of the mortgaged premises, to foreclose the same for breach of the condition of said mortgage.

SMITH & BROWN.

Portland, Oct. 24, 1838. 3w11

MORTGAGEE'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned hold a mortgage of lot numbered thirteen in the first range of lots in Township numbered five in the first range of Townships west of Bingham's Kennebec Purchase, adjoining the New Hampshire line, in the County of Oxford, which mortgage was executed by Benjamin Knight of said Township No. 5, to James F. Bragg of Errol March 24, 1837, and by him assigned to us August 3, 1838. Said mortgage was made to secure the payment of said Knight's note dated, March 24, 1837, for ninety dollars, payable in sixty days from date with interest. Said note remaining unpaid, the undersigned claim to have possession of the mortgaged premises to foreclose the same for breach of the condition of said mortgage.

SMITH & BROWN.

Portland, Oct. 24, 1838. 3w11

BLANKS!

WARRANTEE, Mortgage, and Quitclaim Deeds, also, CERTIFICATES for obtaining the bounty on Wheat and Corn, for sale at this Office.

Oct 30

A Market for CASH!

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, a prime assortment of *SCHOOL BOOKS, MEDICINES, PAPER-HANGINGS, & FANCY GOODS,* which will be sold low for *CASH*, or *short* approved credit.

---At Cost---

WILL be sold a good assortment of *Miscellaneous Works*—to close a consignment.

GOLD BEADS, SILVER SPOONS AND SHELL COMBS, and a general assortment of Jewelry, at bargains, for Cash.

COOKING STOVES,

Parlor, Box, and Franklin Stoves, Oven & sash mouths, Zinc, Sheet Lead, &c. &c., for sale as low as at any other establishment in this vicinity.

SINGING BOOKS.

Boston Academy's Collection, National Church Harmony, and other Musical works—constantly on hand—a new lot just received for schools.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway Village, Oct. 9, 1838. 3w

State of Maine.

OXFORD, ss:

AT a meeting of the County Commissioners for said county of Oxford, held at Paris in said county, on the thirteenth day of May, A. D. 1837, the said Commissioners assessed a tax on Township numbered Six in said county, for the repair of the Cous road, so called, which passes over a part of said township, so that the same may be made safe and convenient for travellers, to wit—On the whole of the land in said township, estimated to be thirteen thousand and eight hundred and twenty acres of land exclusive of the land reserved for public uses, a tax of four and a half cents per acre, amounting in the whole to the sum of six hundred and twenty-one Dollars and ninety Cents—Also ordered that the same be paid into the Treasury of said county of Oxford on or before the first day of November next.—And that Abiathar Austin, of Byron in said county, be the Agent to receive and expend said tax for the repair of said road.

Attest—JOSEPH G. COLE, Clerk

A true copy of the Record.

Attest—JOSEPH G. COLE, Clerk.

OXFORD, ss.—TREASURER'S OFFICE, Paris, July 7, 1838.

NOTICE is hereby given, that, unless said assessment be paid to the subscriber, Treasurer of said county, or his successor in said Office, and incidental charges, so much of said land will be sold at public sale to the highest bidder as will satisfy said assessment and incidental charges at the Court House in said Paris, on Wednesday the seventh day of November next at ten of the clock A. M.

ALANSON MELLEN, Treasurer of said
3m51 County of Oxford.

ENGLISH SCHOOL.

THE NORWAY ENGLISH SCHOOL will be re-opened on the 27th of August, under the instruction of J. W. HOBBS *Particular attention will be given those intending to teach*

N B. Lectures will be given before the School by scientific gentlemen.

Board and Tuition, Masters $1,75, Misses $1,50 per week.

REFERENCE—David Noyes, Esq Asa Danforth, Levi Whitman, Esq Uriah Tuck, Esq Stephen Emery, Esq.

July 21. tf50

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Court of Probate for the county of Oxford will be sold at public Vendue on Wednesday the thirty-first day of October next, at one of the clock in the forenoon, so much of the real Estate of

PHINEAS STEVENS,

late of Rumford, deceased, as will produce the sum of three hundred and twenty three dollars and sixty-one cents, it so much be necessary for the purpose of paying the just debts of said deceased and incidental charges

Said Estate consists of all the interest said Stevens had in the place on which he lived at the time of his decease at Rumford Point, and two Pews in the Meeting House at said Rumford Point, subject to the widows dower. Said on the premises

LYMAN RAWSON, Adm'r.

Rumford, Sept 20, 1838 3w6

Commissioners' Notice.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Stephen Emery Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of

ARCHILAUS FULLER,

late of Norway in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the twenty-eighth day of August last past, are allowed said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to that service at the dwelling house of Jonathan Swift in Norway, on the third Monday of November, 1838, and the third Mondays of January and February, 1839, from one to six o'clock P. M

JONATHAN SWIFT
JOHN WHITMARSHE, } Comrs.

Sept. 11, 1838. 3w9

LAST CALL!!!

THE subscribers once more would respectfully request all persons indebted to them by note or account to make payment *immediately*, to wit, before the tenth of October next, or their demands will be left with an Attorney for collection, unless special arrangements are made to the contrary.

ALFRED ANDREWS.
ISAAC BUTTERFIELD.

Paris, Sept. 10, 1838 5

EBENEZER P. FITZ,

Painter & Glazier,

PARIS HILL, MAINE.

JOB WORK,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS *OFFICE.*

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 6. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1838. NUMBER 14.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

G. W. MILLETT.

TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance One dollar & seventy-five cents at the end of 6 months. Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, the proprietor not being accountable for any error in any Advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be addressed to the publisher, *Post-paid*.

SONG.

The man in the moon looked down one night,
Where a lad and his lass were walking;
Thinks he there must be very huge delight
In this kissing and nonsense talking;
And so there must, ('tis a well known case.)
For it lasts both late and early,
So they talk him down till he covered his face,
They tired his patience fairly.

Then up rose the sun in his morning beams,
And pushed back his night-cap to greet them;
Says he, 'As you boast of your darts and flames,
My darts and my flames shall meet them.'
He scorched them both through the live-long day
But they never once seemed to mind him,
But he laughed outright as they skulked away,
And left a dark world behind him.

Then the man in the moon looked down in a pet,
And said, 'I believe I can cure you;
Tho' my brother has failed, I may conquer ye;—
If not I must try to endure you,
Go home,' he cried, 'and attend to my rules,
And banish all thoughts of sorrow,
Then marry at once ye couple of fools,
And ye'll both be wise to-morrow.

From the Knickerbocker for October.

EASTERN LANDS.

A TALE OF YESTERDAY.

There are certain people in this world, who, let the wind blow wheresoever it may, are forever grumbling. With this class, every thing goes wrong. Grateful for nothing, the more that is done for them, the more is expected.—Half suppressed mutterings, if the bounty fails in the least short of their expectations, constitute their staple of re-payment. Of this class was BOB MORRIS, a native of Blueville, Rhode Island. Bob was a tanner by trade, and could, if he had chosen, have amassed a good property, by a steady application to business. But his ambition was of quite another sort. He wanted money it was true, but his aspiration was, that it might come suddenly and in one bulk. This he was well assured would one day happen; his mother, before her death, having dreamed, three nights running, that her son Bob, would before many years, ride in his carriage, the possessor of an immense fortune.—To sum up all, Bob was idle and envious of his neighbors' prosperity, little thinking that if he had spent the many years at his trade which he had lost in growling and grumbling, under the portico of the tavern, he might have been as well off as any around him, and have stood a good chance of belonging to the honorable body of the selectmen of Blueville

One bitter cold night, in December, 183–, Bob was seated over a scanty fire, in his miserable shanty, which a humane landlord had permitted him to occupy, rent free. The winds whistled through the wide cracks in the sides of the hovel, and its inmate sat shivering with the cold, his thoughts, as usual, reverting to his own hard fate.

'Ugh! how cold it is!' muttered Bob, his teeth chattering; 'I shan't sleep a wink to-night. 'Tis confounded strange, that some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and others with chains and padlocks on their ankles. There is farmer Hodgson, while ploughing last week, to turn the frost out of the ground, stumbled upon a coal mine. *His* fortune was cut and dried for him, without saying 'boo!' And here am I, as good a man as my neighbors, no better off in the world, at thirty years of age, than I was when I started. Ugh! how very cold! The cracks in this hut are so wide, that the wind plays 'hide and seek' through 'em, and no danger of being caught. Landlords are dreadful close with their purses, now-a-days. To be sure, I don't pay him any rent, but then I think the least he could do, would be to make the house comfortable, and keep it in repair.—It's INFERNAL cold! If the old woman's prophecy don't turn up soon, I shall stand but little chance of being able to enjoy it. Money I must have; how can I get it? I'll go out upon the highway, and rob some one! No, I won't do that neither; I might possibly swing for it, which would 'make it bad.' No, I'll——

Here the cogitations of our hero were interrupted by a loud double rap against the board which served the purpose of a door.

'Knock away!' continued Bob, in the same muttering tone, but without stirring an inch, 'some traveller, I suppose, who wants a direction to the tavern. Let him find it himself; I won't be his drudge!'

Again and again was the knocking repeated, until the 'outside barbarian,' despairing of obtaining permission by peaceable means, gave the door, or rather the board, a furious kick, which burst it in.

'Hullow!' exclamed the intruder, a tall, stout man, wrapped to the throat in a shaggy Tom-and-Jerry, as his eye rested upon Bob, sitting quite composedly before the fire-place.

'Hallo, yourself!' replied Bob, scanning him with no welcome glance.

'Why the devil don't you open the door?" said the new comer.

'Because I didn't choose too. What's your business here?'

'Precious little to do with you,' was the reply. 'Look you here, I want to sleep here to-night, and am willing to pay you for it. If you like it, well and good; if not, you can do the other thing; for over that step I don't budge THIS night. That's all.'

So saying the stranger pushed Bob out of his seat, and slipping into it himself, began very deliberately to poke the dying embers of the fire. Bob instantly determined to eject him by force from his premises, but a second look at the size and muscle, convinced him that he might come off second best is such an attempt. Swallowing his wrath, therefore, he growled a reluctant welcome.

'What's your name?' asked Bob.

'You may call me Joe Jenkins, if you choose; if not, you may let it alone,' was the reply.

'I say,' continued the stranger, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he had been vainly endeavoring to make a blaze 'from the scanty coals,' what have you got to drink.'

'Plenty of water in the spring, answered Morris.

'Oh, there is, is there?' said Jenkins, with the air of a man to whom an importance fact had just been disclosed. 'There's half a dollar; let's have some brandy, 'mazing sudden.'

Quick as thought, Bob clutched the piece of silver, as if he feared his guest might change his mind; and in an incredible short space of time, he marched into the bar-room of the Red Lion.

'I want a quart of brauky,' said he raising his head as high as any in the room.

'I dare say,' replied Boniface, with a wink to a group of such 'loafers' as are always to be found in the bar-room of a tavern; 'I never knew the day you didn't. But who's to *pay* for it, Bob?'

'I am, to be sure,' replied he, 'planking' the half dollar.

'Hallo!' exclaimed Boniface, with the utmost surprise, 'where did you raise that? I'm afraid that you did not come honestly by that money, Bob.'

'Very well, if you won't let me have the liquor, I'll go somewhere else.'

'Oh, no, no!' said the landlord, 'your money is good, Mr. Morris. Who says I ever turned a customer away!'

Bob pocketed his change without a word of comment, and taking his jug; turned his face toward home. Great was his consternation, upon entering his hovel, at finding his visitor upon the point of splitting up the only table he owned in the world.

'Hallo here!' cried he, setting down the vessel, and catching hold of one leg of the table, 'what the devil are you about?'

'Don't you see!' answered Jenkins, wrenching off the top; 'I'm breaking up this old table for fuel. You shall have one fire, at all events. Devil take it, man! do you suppose I'm going to freeze?'

Bob resolutely defended his property, but all in vain. Piece after piece was broken off, and thrown on to the fire, the spite of all he could do; and with a tear in his eye, he beheld the conflagration of his red pine table.

'And now, my boy!' said Jenkins, 'I'll make your fortune in Eastern Lands.'

Bob's ears were wide open to receive any thing relating to fortune; so, forgetting his grievences at once, he helped to empty the jug of brandy, and then set him down, an attentive listener to what fell from the lips of his guest. Daylight found them in the same position; but a neighbor happening to call at the hut, a little after sunrise, found it empty. Bob and his visitor were among the missing. Numberless were the conjectures, as to what had become of the former; no one, of course, knowing that he had absconded in company with any body. The landlord of the 'Red Lion' reported with additions and variations, the story, that Bob had entered his house the evening previous, bought a quart of brandy, and *paid for it on the spot*, a thing which had never before happened within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and for which he could in no wise account; and that he also declared, after getting it safely in his possession, that as he expected to leave the world that night he had determined his last hours should be merry ones. As this was the most exaggerated story that was manufactured at Bob's expense, it was deemed bravely possible, and finally firmly believed, by one and all. Satan had unquestionably claimed his own, and transported the victim to the infernal regions.

The best story however, soon wears out; and it so chanced with the tale of Bob's abduction. At first it engrossed the tea table conversation of every gossip in the village. Then it was declared insipid, by the more fashionable circles. The middle classes followed the example, till at last the lowest laborers, forgot the subject, or only mentioned it as a remembrance of bygone days.

Precisely seven month's after Bob's disappearance, on a hot July afternoon, a superb carriage rattled through the turnpike gate of Blueville, and drove up to the sign of the 'Red Lion.' Presently there descended from it a man dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, after eyeing his establishment with evident satisfaction, turned to the house.

'Here John, Tom, Dick! where are you all?' shouted the obsequious landlord.

'Landlord! said the stranger,' with a pompous air.

"Your humble servant, Sir.'

'Have my horses rubbed down.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Hay and oats—the best.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Order supper, immediatly.'

'Yes—Sir.'

'And if it aint dont in the best manner, I'll horsewhip you!'

'Yes, sir—yes, sir;' and the landlord bustled away to execute his orders. Supper was announced, and the stranger, entering an adjoining room, commenced devouring the various dishes with heavy gusto.

'What are you looking at landlord?' said the stranger, pausing a moment to take breath.

'At you, Sir.'

'At me? Why, what do you see in me, to attract your attention?'

'Aint you—you *must* be—Bob Morris?'

'Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, if you please. I am no longer the plain Bob Morris; call me so again, and I'll throw you out of the window. I've made a fortune within six months; three hundred thousand dollars, all in Eastern Lands. Hold on to your eyes, landlord, or you'll loose 'em, they're half out of your head already.—Keep still about it, or by the powers! if it goes beyond you, I'll not answer for your life!'

Away went Boniface, just as Bob desired, and told it to a neighbor, under a strict injunction of secrecy; this neighbor told it to another, who, in his turn, told it to a dozen others, and before sunset, it was known in every house in Blueville that Bob Morris had returned an Esquire, and as rich as a Jew.

Instantly, invitations upon pink, green, and blue paper were left at the 'Red Lion,' addressed to Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, requesting the honor of his company. Crowds flocked around the tavern; the 'Lion' was never so well patronised. Head above head, appeared at the window of the dining room, wherein the rich man was seated. The lawyer and justice of the peace, came very near tripping one another up as they entered the bar room, in their haste to pay their respects. That evening Bob passed at justice Wormwood's.

'Have you any land for sale?' inquired the Justice, as Bob summed up the profits that had accrued to him from one speculation.

'I believe I have a *few* lots,' replied Mr. Fitzmorris, slowly, at the same time drawing a map from his pocket: 'Here is a plan of the city of Gullem, Maine. Lot fifty-three is unchecked. Come, I'll sell you that; right in the centre of the city, and just where the depot of the "Grand United North American Eastern Rail Road and forwarding Company" will be located.'

'But is the road finished?' interrupted the Justice.

'Not quite,' answered Bob, with a slight cough; when I left, three months ago, there was a bill in the lower house of the Maine Legislature for the incorporation of the company. By this time it has passed; the track has undoubtedly been commenced, and——'

'But consider, my dear sir,' again interrupted the Justice, 'the bill may have been defeated.'

'No such thing!' replied Bob, fiercely. 'Is my word good for nothing?'

'Oh, no, no—pray go on, Sir.'

'I will read you,' continued Mr. Fitzmorris, producing a newspaper, 'a short paragraph from the Gullem Republican Banner, and Independent Tower of Freedom.'

'The city of Gullem is pleasently situated upon the banks of Nowhere river, within half a mile of the extensive water works of the 'United States Calico Stamping and North American Cloth dyeing Company,' which are now under consideration, and which will be built in the course of a few years. The proposed canal of the enterprising Water Company, uniting the waters of the St, Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, will pass directly across the northern boundary line, near where the great eastern turnpike empties in. The city itself is beautifully laid out in squares, and even now contains upwards of ten dwelling houses, together with a meeting house in progress of erection. A splendid hotel is also contemplated, to stand on the vacant ground next the corner lot, offered for sale by the editor of this paper in another column of to-day's impression. In short, we venture to predict, that at no distant day, Gullem will become the greatest commercial mart of the East. The causes are obvious.—The contemplated canal, the proposed railroad, combined with the intended extensive water works, cannot fail to render Gullem a city of the greatest importance and first rank.'

'Now my dear sir,' said Bob, folding up the paper, 'what think you of fifty-three?—directly in the centre of Washington Square, opposite the 'Eastern Moonshine Bank,' which will undoubtedly be built, so soon as the company is formed. Now is your chance. I ask but five hundred dollars; fifty four sold for a thousand.'

'Do you think I can sell it at a profit?' inquired the justice.

'Treble your money in six weeks! Wait but till the railroad, the canal, and the water works get going, and the lot will sell for eight or ten hundred per cent. profit. I'll guarantee it.'

'Will you give me that in writing, if I buy the land?'

'I will,' replied Bob, unhesitatingly.

'Then, sir, I'll give you an answer to-morrow.'

Mr. Fitzmorris took up his hat, and wishing the justice good night, repaired to the 'Red Lion,' where, before he went to bed, he struck a bargain with the landlord for a small strip of Gullem, at the rate of a hundred dollars an acre, half to be paid cash on the nail, and the remainder in bond and mortgage, at one and two years.

The next day Blueville was all alive with speculation in eastern lands. A special town meeting was held, and it was voted unanimously, to invest the surplus revenue of the parish in Gullem house lots, through the agency of Robert Fitzmorris, Esq. Justice Wormwood bought lot fifty-three, and long before noon, every inch of ground, houselots, and meadow and paster land, in the possession of our hero, was all sold; the purchasers paying cash upon the spot. So many deeds could not be made out at once; the town crier therefore circulated notice, far and near, that early on Monday morning, the deeds would be ready for delivery. It was then Saturday. Things passed off quietly until Sunday afternoon, when Bob suddenly ordered his horses to be put into his carrage, and, telling Boniface he was going only to drive a little distance into the country, jumped into his carrage and then drove off apparently for a ride. He kept on. until Blueville had long been lost in the distance, when he stopped by the side of a thick clump of trees and giving a low whistle, a man appeared, whom he immediately recognised as Mr. Joe Jenkins.

'Aha! exclaimed Jenkins, 'how did you make out?'

'First rate!' replied Bob, producing several bags of dollars.

The spoils were divided, each receiving seven hundred dollars in specie.

'And now,' said Jenkins, 'we must make ourselves scarce. Take up the reins Bob, and crack away. Bob did so, and a few hours sufficed to carry them far enough from Blueville.

Great was the dismay depicted upon the countenances of all concerned in Gullem lands, when they gathered about the 'Red Lion,' on Monday morning, upon, upon being informed by the landlord that Bob had a second time absconded.

'By Christopher,' exclaimed Justice Wormwood, 'my five hundred dollars and lot fifty three are gone with him.'

'The parish fund has gone to the devil!' growled the parish clerk.

'He didn't pay his board, and has carried off my fifty dollars?' echoed Boniface, of the 'Red Lion.'

'Well, we always predicted how he'd turn out!' said a number. who had been secretly envious, that they were not able to buy lots in Gullem.

This, then, is the reason why Blueville never got a head. This little circumstance put a hamper upon the enterprise of her merchants. A speculator is an outlawed personage there; and to this day, its inhabitanst cannot bear the name of 'Eastern Lands,' without involuntarily gnashing their teeth. They speak of the above transaction but seldom, and invariably as 'the dead shave!'

THE PIASAU BIRD.

The following well told legend (says the Portland Adv.) is from Jones *Illinois and the West*. It is about an immense and hedious animale, half bird and half beast that in times of your used to carry off men, women and children as easily as a hawk would a chickin.—Query. Does not this bird, or something as destructive, now destroy men, women and children, as it was wont to do in *Auld Lang Syne*? Do we not find in the description of this monster something emblematical of the sweeping diseases which bring many of the unacclimated to a premature grave? But here is the story:—

"Time out of mind, the powerful tribe which dwelt in the region of country in the neighborhood of Alton was called the Illini, or Illinios, & from which the present state derives its name. This tribe extended far and wide, numbered many thousand warriors whose valor and craftiness ensured them success over all their enemies. Their hunting grounds extended for many a league below and above the location of their city, which was situated upon the bold bluffs now resounding with the busy hum of life and labor from the growing city of Alton. Thence to the waters of the Wabash in the east, they held unlimited sway, and ranged the unbroken forests and unfenced prairies freely and fearlessly as the stag and buffalo which they hunted. There they lived and triumphed, multiplying and increasing in wealth and power, fearless of invasion and commanding the respect and exciting the envy of each lesser tribe around. No warriors so brave, no horses so beautiful and fleet, no hosts so invincible, as those of the Illinois.

"In the midst of their prosperity, in the reign of the illustrious Owatoga, chief to this warlike tribe—whose name to this day is uttered with the profoundest reverence by every Indian warrior, and whose virtue and noble daring they emulate—many, many hundred moons before the oars of the whiteman dipped in the curling wave of the "Fateer of Waters," they were terrified with a fearful visitation from the Great Spirit. There appeared upon the inaccessible bluffs, where it made its home, an immense and hideous animal, half bird, half beast, which, from the circumstance of its having wings, they called the Piasau Bird. The name, is significent of the character of the monster which it designates—it means *"the man-destroying Bird."* This bird is described as being of gigantic size, capable of bearing off with ease in its talons, a horse or buffalo. Its head and beak were like those of a vulture, with eyes of the most dazzling brilliancy; its wings black as the raven and clothed with thunder, making a most fearful noise in its heavy flight; its legs, four in number, and talons, like those of a mighty eagle; its body similar to that of a dragon, ending with a tail of huge dimension like to a scorpion. Its body was gorgeously colored with every hue, and in its flight it made a most imposing spectacle, inspiring terror, awe and wonder. Such was this strange visiter who had taken up its abode in their sacred cliffs; and while their priests were studying the omen, whether it should be for good or evil, all doubt was dissipated by the sudden descent of the bird into their midst, which seized one of their bravest warriors, in its talons and bore him as a prey to its wild eyrie in the rocks. Never again was the unfortunate victim seen by his friends. But the sacrifice was not complete. Brave after brave, and women and children not a few, were borne off in succession by the fierce devourer, whose appetite seemed but to be whetted to a keener set, the more it tasted of human blood."

"Such was the fearful state of things, when the brave Owatoga, chief of this mighty tribe, sought out his priests, and with them retiring to a secret place, fasted many days, and with all the mumery of their religion sought the will of the Great Spirit. At length, in a trance it was revealed to Otwatoga, that the terrible visitant, who had hitherto eluded their utmost sagacity, might be destroyed. The mode was this. First, a noble victim was to be selected from amongst the bravest warriors of the tribe, who by religious rites was to be sanctified for the sacrifice. Secondly, twenty, equally as brave, with their stoutest bows and sharpest arrows, were to conceal themselves near the spot of sacrifice. The victim was to be led forth, and singly to take his stand upon an exposed point of the rock, where the revenous bird would be likely to note and seize upon him.—At the moment of descent the concealed warriors were to let fly their arrows with the assurance that he would fall.

"On the day appointed, the braves, armed agreeably to the instruction of the vision, safely reached their hiding place, which commanded a full view of the fatal platform. The name of the victim had been kept profoundly secret, up to the sacrificial hour. Judge, then, the consternation, when, dressed in his proudest robes, Owatoga appeared at the head of his tribe, himself the voluntary victim. The tears and shrieks of the women, and the expostulation of all his chiefs availed nothing; he was bent upon his solemn and awful purpose. "Brothers and children," he addressed them, waving his hand in which he held a short wand, and which procured for him instant and profound audience, "the Great Spirit is angry with his children.—He hath sent us this scourge to punish us for our sins. He hath demanded this sacrifice. Who so fit as your chief? The blood of my heart is pure. Who will bring any charge against Owatoga? Many moons have I been your chieftain. I have led you to conquest and glory. I have but this sacrifice to make, and I am a free spirit. I am a dry tree, leafless and branchless. Soon shall I sink upon the wide prairie and moulder away. Cherish and obey the sapling that springs up at my root. May he be braver and wiser than his sire. And when the Great Spirit smiles upon you and delivers you, forget not the sacrifice of Owatoga. Hinder me not—I go forth to the sacrifice."

"With a calm and proud brow walked forth the doomed leader of the mighty Illinis, and took his station on the appointed spot. Soon was the ill-omened bird seen hovering over the place, and after wheeling about for a few moments high above the head of the devoted chief, nearing at each gyration the unquailing victim, suddenly he came thundering down towards his prize. In a instant, the barbed arrows from twenty sure bows buried themselves to the feather in the body of the common foe, and he fell quivering and dead at the feet of the noble chieftain—himself escaping unscathed.

"Unbounded joy and rejoicing succeeded the

ventful day. Owatoga was born to the council-room of the village in triumph, and each one gave himself up to the wild tumult of joy which every where prevailed. After due deliberation, it was determined to perpetuate the event by engraving the picture of the Piasau Bird upon the smooth-sided limeston cliffs, which tower above the river. There it was done, and stained with the fast and fadeless colors, whose subtle compounding the Indian only knows, and which remain plainly visible to the present day. The spot beame sacred from that time, and no Indian ascended or descended the Father of Waters for many a year without discharging his arrow at the image of the warrior-destroying Bird. After the distrbution of fire-arms among the Indians, bullets were substituted for arrows, and even to this day no savage presumes to pass that magic spot without discharging his rifle and raising his shout of triumph. I visited the spot in June (1838) and examined the image, and the ten thousand bullet-marks upon the cliff seemed to coroborate the tradition related to me in the neighborhood. So lately as the passage of the Sac and Fox delegations down the river on their way to Washington, there was a general discharge of their rifles at the Piasau Bird. On arriving at Alton, they went on shore in a body, and proceeded to the bluffs, where they held a solemn war-council, concluding the whole with a splendid war dance, manifesting all the while with most exuberant joy.

"This is the tradition of the "Piasau Bird," which seems to have been handed down from father to son through remote periods of antiquity. That such a monster ever existed, I cannot vouch—that its image is engraven upon the rock I know; and that the aforesaid monster should have existed in flesh and blood, is not more strange than other "real fictions" of this wondrous valley. But I give it to my readers as I found it—they must draw their own conclusions. It is, I think worthy to be snatched from decay, and deserves to be recorded for the edification and instruction of the world. Tradition is the only history of those early times, and soon, in this utilitarian world, even these vestiges of a great and wonderful race will be swept into oblivion, if no one be found, with pious care, to rear them into a monumental pillar of history."

From the Hartford Courier.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

We knew a very pious, though hypocritical man, who was a patron of most of the nostrums, which in these days, are recommended as *certain cures* of all the diseases which afflict our race, and verily believed in their efficiency, though he grew no better by taking them. On a certain occasion, being in the city of Providence, he heard of a famous medicine, that, like the Matchless Sanative, and Brandreth's Pills, was astonishing every body with its mighty cures. He hastened to obtain it, and returning home in the evening, requested the lady with whom he boarded, to steep it according to directions, (the medicine consisting of roots and herbs,) that he might try its effect on the following morning.

Accordingly, the kettle was over the fire, and after a suitable time spent in simmering and stirring, it was deposited in the corner, and, after taking a dose, the invalid retired to rest. Before light, however, he was up, and knocked loudly at the door of his landlord and lady, requested them both to rise and try the virtues of this new panacea, 'for,' added he, 'I heard you both complaining of indisposition last evening, and I have no doubt it will do you good.' The gentleman arose, and the invalid with the cup and spoon, proposed the proscribed dose for both, adding a small quantity of brandy, as directed; which having taken they sat down to feel its effects. Soon he thought he felt it working in his stomach; in a few minutes more he could perceive its influence on his whole system, and he began earnestly to call on his landlady to come forth and try it too. She soon appeared, and he began to tell her how wonderfully this new medicine was operating. 'Why,' said he, 'I can feel it to the end of my toes; but come, you must try it.' So saying, he took the cup and spoon, and was in the act of dipping again from the kettle, when the lady exclaimed, 'what! is that your wonderful medicine?' 'Certainly,' said he, 'you know we steeped it last night.' 'Yes,' said she, 'and after you went to bed, I poured it in a bowl, and warmed some water in the kettle. It is my dish water that you feel to the end of your toes.' He was done up, he looked imploringly to the man and his wife, and said, 'now don't tell of this.' 'I certainly will,' said the man, for it is too good to be lost, and, beside, it is a fine illustration of the power of the imagination.

LABOR VS. SPECULATION.

There are but three ways in which an honest man can thrive; that is, by intellect, courage, or industry; the mind, the brave arm or the laboring hands. All other means of success are ambiguous and equivocal. The people are properly jealous and distrustful of all those who prey upon the products of labor, without contributing any thing to the general stock. This feeling of distrust does not extend to professional men, who labor with the mind, which is perhaps the hardest of all work. On the contrary, no men are so much esteemed as those who distinguish themselves by their intellectual efforts. The clergyman in his study, are *working-men* in the truest sense of the term, and are not counted by the people among those drones "who toil not, neither do they spin." It is a libel upon the people at large, to attribute to them a mean jealousy of lofty talents and pursuits. They know how to appreciate, and generously too, the labor of the mind the products of the intellect. They are proud of those who enlighten mankind, and reflect glory upon their country and upon their age. But we should not confound those who thrive by their *wit*, with those who live by their *wits*. These deserve no sympathy of encouragement. They labor neither with the mind nor the hands, unless the shuffling contrivance, and schemes of sordid pursuits be called mental exertions, which were to decorate the term. There is no fair avenue to fortune, except through honest industry. The men who lives by plotting, by scheming, by the mere turning and shifting of money, deserve no encouragement. They are the drones of society, who feed luxuriously upon the product of other men's labor. Their example is as pernicious as their pursuits are equivocal. The short cuts to fortune which they find out, seduce the public mind, and withdraw it from the practical and honorable pursuits of life. Thus industry is deserted for adventure, and labor for speculation, until gambling becomes the universal passion, and life is converted into a lottery.

There is nothing so corrupting and demoralizing to a community, as that system which bestows the honors and rewards of fortune upon the indolent, the scheming, and the adventurous. Are we not fast verging to this condition? or, rather, were we not before the late explosion? Who are those, for the most part, who built palaces in our cities, which overshadowed the humble dwellings of honest industry, or intellectual eminence? Brokers, schemers, speculators, financial adventurers, called by courtesy bankers; the whole class of those men who, taking advantage of the fluctuations of the currency and the mania of the day contrived to build splendid fortunes upon the folly and delusion of those whom Gen. WASHINGTON, we believe, described as "the least suspecting but most valuable portion of the community." There is much to ponder on, in the history of the last four years. May the people "pause and profit by it.—*Globe.*

From the Boston Mercantile Journal

BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES ON EGYPT.—No. 3.

Mr. Buckingham's third lecture related to the modern cities of Egypt, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. The Odeon was well filled with a highly attentive audience. Mr. B. stated that one of the most striking peculiarites in relation to the cities was, that not one of all the ancient Egyptian cities was now inhabited. They were all in ruins.

The three principal cities were Rosetta, Damietta, and Cairo. Rosetta was located on the west bank of one of the branches of the Nile, near the Mediterranean, and was the city of Haroun el Raschid, a name celebrated in the Arabian Nights, a book which he had read at Bagdad and at Damascus, and which is valuable for the faithful sketches it contains of the cities, scenes and inhabitants of the East, with their manners, customs, &c. which existed when the book was written. He considered that the Arabian Nights bore the same relation to eastern literature that the writings of Sir Walter Scott did to western literature.—Rosetta was a truly oriental city, the buildings being nearly all of Saracenic architecture, which differs from the light Gothic only in substituting minarets for towers, and in surrounding them with majestic domes. It contained about 12,000, inhabitants, principally Mahometans; and was picturesquely situated among groves of palm trees, and in approaching it the minarets and towers presented a beautiful appearance, peering above the trees.

Damietta was situated on the eastern bank of a different branch of the Nile, and was remarkable for having been the city which was the residence of the Crusaders. The architecture of the buildings and the appearence and customs of the inhabitants approaches nearer to the cities of Europe than any other eastern city. The inhabitants are cheerful, and possess a spark of vivacity uncommon with the Turks, and such as is seldom met in other cities of the East. Its population is about 20 000.

Cairo is the great metropolitan city of Egypt. It is situated about 120 miles from the sea, about twenty miles south of the Delta, and about three miles from the bank of the Nile. It is about ten miles in circumference, and compactly built, of an irregular form, having many sides and streets, lanes and alleys running in every direction, and marvellously crooked. The population is variously estimated, but cannot be certainly determined, as a strong prejudice exists among the Mahometans against numbering the people, originating in their gloomy doctrines of fatality. It probably contains, however, about 600,000 inhabitants; some travellers estimate its population at a million. The citadel is a large fort situated on a high rock; admirably chosen for strength, and might have been considered impregnable before the discovery of gunpowder. In the citadel is the palace of Mehemet Ali, the present Pacha of Egypt, and his beautiful gardens and public squares. In the outskirts of the city is the "Place of Ezbekeead," a large open space which is used as a promenade by the inhabitants, where sometimes 10,000 of them are seen enjoying themselves in various amusements. During the inundation of the Nile this Place of Ezbekeeah is overflowed by means of a canal, the flood gates of which are opened—and on the following day the lake is covered with hundereds of highly ornamented boats and gondolas, which are filled with the citizens of Cario, presenting a brilliant spectacle, enlivened with a variety of melodious music.

The mosques, or places of public worship of the Mehometans, are exceedingly numerous and of various sizes—some of them being capable of accommodating only 120 persons, while others cover an area larger than the largest cathedral of Europe. The architecture of these buildings is the Saracenic. In the Mahometan countries the people are very particular in attending places of public worship, and appear very devout and sincere; every thing is conducted with the greatest solemnity and propriety. The interior of the mosques are without ornament or furniture of any description. There is neither desk, pulpit, stool or chair—nothing but the bare walls; the pavement is generally of marble, of different colors, forming a beautiful mosaic. On Friday, which is the Sabbath of the Mahometans, three sermons are delivered in the mosques by the muftis or priests. These sermons are sometimes founded on a text from the Koran, and originate in some local or historical event, but never relate to doctrinal points; hence religious controversies are almost unknown among the Turks. Bells are not used to summon the people to public worship, but persons are chosen for the capacity and melody of their voices, called muezzins or criers, who ascend the balconies in the minarets of the mosques, and proclaim with a loud voice the hour of prayer, producing an interesting and solemn effect. On entering the mosque, the slippers are left at the door, and no pomp or pageantry is witnessed in the interior of the building—not even if the Sultan himself is among the worshippers. Their worship is unattended with music, being simplicity itself. Mr. B. thought the Mahometans were peculiarly accessible to the Christian religion, and that the Mahometan countries furnished an excellent field for the enterprise of missionaries.

The baths are another peculiarity of Eastern lands; the custom of bathing is practised frequently among the Egyptians, and is enjoined as a religious ceremony. It is practised by all classes on the day preceding the Sabbath, and often on other days of the week; the wealthy enjoy the bath every morning in their houses, and so far from tending to enervate the system, it acts as a restorative, and strengthens the frame. These baths very in size, accomodation and price—some of them are so luxurious as to require five dollars for admission, while others, with all the necessary accommodations, may be had for four paras, less than one cent of American money! So that no one, through poverty, need deny himself the pleasure of the bath.

The most expensive baths are buildings of beautiful architecture, ornamented with beautiful furniture and painting of flowers and fruit, and containing various apartments of different degrees of temperature, so arranged that a person is conducted from one to the other, leaving portions of his garments behind him, until he arrives at the bath proper. Here an attendant takes him in charge, and by rubbing the surface of the body with hair gloves, pressing the muscles, and stretching every limb until the joints crack with a report resembling a pocket pistol, a healthy action is infused throughout the whole frame. After the ablutions are finished, he is placed up to the chin in a vessel containing rose water, and imbibes and carries off perfume enough to last him for a month. He then retires to an elegant couch prepared for him, where he listens to the tales of the Arabian Night story teller, who strives to entertian him with a grave or gay story, according, to the humor he is in. Music, coffee or sherbet follows; and three or four hours are thus passed away in one of these baths very pleasantly.

The Bazaars are another peculiar feature in the oriental cities. The word signifies market—and only one kind of goods is vended in one of these bazaars. This mode of arranging the goods is advantageous to the purchaser, and probably to the seller; it affords the greatest variety of choice in the smallest space of time, and an opportunity to learn the different prices of the goods. These bazaars are beautiful arcades, generally frequented by a great variety of people, and afford a fair opportunity for a stranger to witness the manners and customs of the people.

The Mahometans compose about fourfifths of the population of Cario, and the other fifth is composed of Christians and Jews. A large portion of the Mahometans are Arabs—a people who differ in many respects from the Turks—being of a much darker complexion, projecting features, magnificent eyes of a liquid black, long black hair, a sleuder but muscular frame, and a nervous temperament—fond of athletic exercises and riding, and addicted to poetry and romance. On the other hand, the Turks, who came from a more northern climate, have bright and fair complexions, ruddy cheeks, stout frames—and are remarkable for the beauty of their appearance. This is probably owing to their mode of life—passing much time in the open air, partaking of much violent exercise, and being temperate in their food and drink, and living in a mild and salubrious climate. The Turkish language also differs in a very considerable degree from the Arabic. The Turks in Egypt exercise all the military and civil offices, and consitute the aristocracy—while the Arabs are the merchants and artisans, and constitute the community.

Over all the differents ranks, Mehemet Ali, the Governor of Egypt, execises sovereign power. He was originally a private in the service of the Sultan, and came over to Egypt as a captain of a body of men. Possessing talent and ambition, he formed the design of possessing Egypt himself. Taking advantage of one of those revolutions so frequent in despotic countries, he possessed himself of power, and gained the summit of his wishes by an act of unparalleled treachery. He invited the principal officers among the Mamelukes to an entertainment, and violated the rites of hospitality, so sacred in the East, by causing them to be massacred in cold blood! Since he has obtained the sovereignty, he has done much to advance civilization among his subjects, and to spread the lights of science and general knowledge. He has encouraged the visits of intelligent Europeans to that country, who were formerly treated with insult by the Mamometans and in many cases their lives were sacrificed with impunity. But now the property and lives of strangers are protected by the Pacha, in consequence of which the trade and agriculture of Egypt has been wonderfully increased.

The most signal faults in the policy of Mehemet Ali are his desire to trade and speculate as a merchant—thus establishing the most oppressive of monopolies, and presenting an obstacle to the acquisition, by his subjects, of great wealth in trade—and his fondness, which amounts to an infatuation, for war and military glory. Mr. B. thought that he would never declare himself independent of the Sultan, for he was now virtually independent, and administers the government as he pleases; besides which, the Sultan is regarded by Mussulmen as the head of the Mahometan church — and therefore it would be highly dangerous and impolitic in Mehemet to throw off all nominal submission to his power.

The next lecture will be upon the ancient Cities and Monuments of Egypt.

The French have been increasing both the vigor and force of their blockade of the Mexican ports, and there is no prospect of an adjustment of the controvery short of a full and unconditional compliance by Mexico with the demands of France. The reculations of Texas with Mexico, in the present peculiar position of the latter power, have given rise to much speculation. Whether, in the future progress of hostilities, Texas is to aid France in her operations against Mexico, and if so, to what extent Texas is to profit by the event, are certainly interesting questions. At all events, Texan Independence is placed on a secure and stable footing, and the French demonstration against Mexico will, at all events, ensure largely to the benefit of Texas. The National Intelligencer publishes the following from the French paper at New York, containing some speculations not, perhaps unworthy of consideration.

From the Courier des Etats Unis of Oct. 20.

"Decidedly, Texas no longer wishes to be incorporated with the United States, who, on their side, have never seriously caried about it. This annexion may well for a time have entered into the views of certain Texan statesmen while the Mexican pretensions were yet alarming; but now the chance has tured. Mexico is no longer to be feared In the interior it is falling into dissolution before the intrigues of its rulers, the Machiavelism of its clergy, and the brutality of its population. Over its exterior the thunder growls, and will before long burst forth. France desires & will have satisfaction from the assassins and robbers of her children. It will readily be conceived that, under such circumstances, Texas has nothing more to fear for her independence, and thinks no more of the proposed incorporation. Who knows even whether her Government will not be called upon to co-operate in the just chastisement of Mexico by some useful diversion on the frontiers? The amicable reception which the French and English Ministers have given to the Texan agent, the treaties which they have made and probably will make with him, open the widest possible field for conjecture and forethought, with regard to the future destinies of Texas as an independent political State. Mexico alone plays a hazardous game. Texas profits by it.

In the meantime the social as well as the political condition of Texas seems to be rapidly improving. A spirit of order and a more profound reverence for the laws are beginning to prevail. In short, its population is acquiring that consistency, and its institution that stability, which are so necessary to the well-being of a community, the difficulty in effecting which, is a task of great magnitude in a population drawn from so many different sources and impelled by a restless and indomitable spirit of activity and enterprise. Gen. Lamer—the new President is said to be a gentleman of fine talents and of great moral worth.—Portland Standard.

We copy the following remarks from the New York Gazette. The subject is one of deep interest and importance to our mercantile community:—

"*The Atlantic Steam Navigation Company.*—We understand the object of this association is to build a steamer or steamers to run in connection with the ships of the British and American Steam Navigation Company of London, which company sent out the Sirius, and have built the British Queen of 2020 tons, and are building the President, to be 2400 tons; and have also determined to build two others for the Liverpool trade, the United States and Great Britain.

When the ships are ready on this side, it will supply the trade between the countries with the means of transmission of all kinds of merchandize, foreign as well as domestic, by forming a united line of British and American ships, while the interests of each will be distinct.—By our treaty of commerce with Great Britain American ships cannot carry foreign or colonial goods to Great Britain; they must be shipped in British bottoms; and so on the other hand, British ships cannot bring foreign or colonial goods from Great Britain to the United States; they must be shipped in American bottoms. So that by the union of the two classes of ships; the whole trade is supplied, and the interests of the two companies, so far as regards the ships, will be separate and distinct, combined only as comprising part of the same line."

HOME.—No man of sensibility, after battling with the perplexities of the out door world, but retires with a feeling of refreshment to his happy fireside; he hears with joy the lips of the cherub urchin that climbs upon his knee, to tell him some wonderful tale about nothing, or feels with delight the soft breath of some young daughter, whose downy, peach-like cheek is glowing close to his own. I am neither a husband nor a father, but I can easily fancy the feeling of supreme pleasure which either must experience. Let us survey the world of business: "What go we out for to see?" the reed of ambition shaken by the breath of the multitude; and cold hearted traders and brokers, traffickers and over-reachers, anxious each to circumvent, and turn to his purse the golden tide in which all would dabble. Look at the homes of most of those. There the wife waits for her husband; and while she feels that anxiety his presence, which may be called the hunger of the heart, she feeds her spirit with the memory of his smile, or perhaps looks with fondness upon the pledges of his affection as they stand like olive branches around his table. *Poughkeepsie Telegraph.*

$100,000 FOR A CAPE!—A curious specimen of native ingenuity, and of the extravagance of despotism, is to be seen at the Missionary Rooms. It is a cape worn by a Sandwich Island chief, which according to an estimate of Rev. Mr. Richards, must have cost $100,000. It is made of small feathers, of very bright and beautiful colors, only two of which grow under the wing of a particular bird. These are skillfully wrought upon a coarse network, so as to form stripes of several different colors. The manner of obtaining them is as follows:—An adhesive substance is placed upon the end of a long pole, and some bait a little distance below. The pole is held near the bird, upon the rocks and branches—it alights on the end of the pole and by the adhesive substance is caught, and drawn up and the feathers pulled out.—Mr. Richards estimated that he could have obtained $100,000 worth of provisions, with the labor that was expended on this cape. There are also two small tippets for the neck, made of the same materials.—New York Evangelist.

ANCIENT CARTHAGE.

Sir Grenville Temple, who lately arrived at Malta from Tunis, on board the Ottoman frigate Surieh, has employed himself, for the last six months, in making excavations on the classic soil of Carthage—a city, the mere mention of whose name awakens in the bosom of every scholar a thousand recollections of glory which once adorned the mistress of the African seas, and the immortal rival of the Roman republic. His labors have been rewarded by the peculiarly interesting discoveries he has made. Among them we may notice that on the site of the temple of Ganath, or Juno Cœlestis, the great protecting divinity of Carthage, he found about 700 coins, and various coins, and various objects of glass and earthern ware. But the most remarkable, and perhaps the least expected of his discoveries, is that of a villa, situated on the sea shore, and buried fifteen feet under ground. Eight rooms are completely cleared, and their size and decorations prove that the house belonged to a wealthy personage. The walls are painted, and the floors are paved in mosaic, in the same manner as those at Pompeii and Herculaneum, representing a great variety of subjects, such as marine deities, both male and female, different species of sea fish, marine plants, a vessel with female figures dancing on deck, and surrounded by admiring warriors; other portions represent lions, horses, leapords, tigers, deers, zebras, bears, gazells, hares, herons, and the like. Ten human skeletons, apparently those slain during the assault of the city, were found in the different chambers. Sir Grenville also discovered in another house, other mosaics of great interest; these represent gladiators contending in the arena with wild beasts, and over each man is written his name. In another part are seen horse races, and men breaking in young horses.

From the Boston Statesman.

FEDERAL WITNESSES.

The federalists got eight more men to swear that they voted in the town of Saddle River, New Jersey, at the late election, than the whole number of ballots reported by the Selectmen. The Selectmen reported *twenty-four* ballots for the federal ticket, and *thirty-two* federalists swore they voted that ticket. The following is the explanation:—

"In the first place one of the whig ballots contained two tickets rolled up together, and of course they were both rejected. In the next place at least four of these affidavit men are common and notorious drunkards, and two others of them,—as we are informed,—can neither read or write, and of course they could not have known what ticket they voted except by the information of others. And there are several others among them who are much addicted to drunkenness and whose characters do not stand fair in their own neighborhood—and is it very surprising that among thirty-two men, embracing in their number some eight or ten such characters as above described, there should be found seven, who were mistaken, either in the ticket which they voted, or in the statement which they have made under oath."

INTERESTING TO SMOKERS. An article has been invented which very much enhances the enjoyment of a cigar. It consists of a tube with a bulb in the centre for the reception of cotton, which absorbs all the oil of the weed, leaving the pure and unalloyed flavor of the cigar.

Canada War Revived.

Burlington Free Press Office,
Tuesday morning, Nov. 6.

We have to announce the important and thrilling intelligence that the Canadian population is again in arms, resolved to strike a blow for freedom. The news by last night's boat is, that a general and simultaneous rising of the French population on this side the St. Lawrence, has taken place, and that several small posts had fallen into their hands; they made prisoners of the soldiers stationed at Napierville, and secured a considerable amount of arms and amunition. St. Johns, it was believed, would be attacked last night by a strong force, estimated at seven or eight thousand. The utmost consternation prevailed at St. Johns yesterday, and every means put in requisition for the emergency. Captain Prices sloop, the Daniel Webster, we understand, was not permitted to leave the port. Several of our citizens went down last evening. This movement is said to be headed by Robert Nelson, Cote, Gagnion, Hotchkiss and several foreign military leaders. Of its results, a few days will inform us; and this evenings boat will probably bring a pretty decisive indication. All accounts speak of arms, amunition and men in abundance. May God prosper the right. Martial law is again proclaimed within the district of Montreal, and we shall doubtless be called to chronicle scenes of bloody outrage.

The Montreal Courier gives the following statement of affairs up to Sunday evening November 4:—

It appears that, at La Torta, about 7 or 8 miles above La Prairie, a number of rebels attacked, on Saturday night last the scattered loyalists in that quarter, and we regret to state, that two farmers of the names of Walker and Vitrey were murdered in cold blood. Several others who lived in the vicinity made their escape with great difficulty, and conveyed intelligence of the attack to La Prairie, from which place a party of the Hussars were, on the instant, despatched to La Tortu, and were fortunate enough to come upon the rebels unaware, and dispersed them with a few shots—with what damage it could not be ascertained, as the cowardly scoundrels took immediately to the woods, leaving behind, two loyalists they had made prisoners.

In Beauharnois a rising of the rebels took place on the same night, and they succeeded in surprising the loyalists of the village, and made prisoners of Messrs. Elice, Brown, Norval and Ross. This information was conveyed to town by some of Mr. Elice's servants who had made their escape, and who stated that the family were confined in the cellar. The Steamboat Henry Brougan with the mail and passengers from Upper Canada, having called at Beauharnois, as usual, was also captured. It is said the rising had extended up the Chateauguay River, and that Mr. John McDonald the Magistrate, had been seriously wounded.

On the river Richelieu, we understand the rebels have risen from St. Mary's downwards, and by the last accounts they had mustered at St. Charles, about 400 strong. It is stated that their intention was to attack Sorell.

The most gallant achievment that yesterday's news furnish, remains to be told. While the Indians of Caughnawaga were at public worship on the morning of yesterday, an alarm was given, that a party of rebels had surrounded the church upon which they immediately turned out, and the chief, setting an example which was promptly followed by all, raised the War whoop, and seized the rebel next him and wrested from him his musket. The others being panic struck, were made prisoners to the number of 64, and were brought into town yesterday afternoon, in charge of a party of the Lachine cavalry. After their committal to jail they made some important discleeures of the plans of their leaders.

We have heard of some risings in the North, but we have not been able to learn any particulars.

CANADA.

The following letter from Jefferson County, published in the Journal of Commerce, is said to be from a respectable gentleman belonging to the city of New York. It will be read with interest.

For fifty or a hundred miles from the lines, from Maine to Detroit, the people are in consternation,—those of them who are not in the plot. A large proportion of the men, and among them persons of the highest standing and intelligence gentlemen of princely fortunes and of every profession in life, are leagued with the patriots.—Secret associations are formed in every town and neighborhood—immense sums of money are raised for the cause—squads of men are moving from different points and places to a common rendezvous known only to themselves. The members of these associations are bound by a solemn oath "to maintain the cause of liberty throughout the world," to be true and faithful to a brother Hunter, and preserve inviolate any secrets which may be communicated to them as such, &c. &c. There is an association and a large number of sworn members in New York city. Those who belong not to the association are a minority of the adult men in this region, and know nothing whatever of the designs of the patriots—An impenetrable mystery hangs over their movements—meetings are held in all parts, and leading men of their number are constantly on the move from one place to another—nothing is committed to paper; all is communicated by special messengers—There is a room in the hotel where I am, exclusively *devoted* to them. One of their Generals, by the name of——, is now here. The notorious Bill Johnson is in this village, and probably in this house. A highly respectable gentleman told me to day that he had a private interview with him. It is estimated they number 10,000 men in this county, and that there are 40,000 men within 100 miles of this place, a distinguished lawyer told me to day that he had no doubt that if Bill Johnson was nominated for Congress in this county to night, he would be elected.—These associations extend throughout the Canadas. The inhabitants of the Canada side of the St. Lawrence River, are filled with the most alarming fears. The Kingston people are in constant expection of an attack upon that town. They have essayed to increase the regular force by offering large bounties to volunteers, but not an enlistment can be procured.—They have tried drafts upon the Militia. Those are resisted, and in attempt at Perth to enforce the drafts or compel the Militia to give up their arms, sixteen of the regular troops were killed. Lower down the river large numbers of Americans who are thought to belong to the Patriots, have joined the British army, the more effectually as is supposed to aid their friends in time of need. The Barracks at Kingston, it is reported, were fired day before yesterday, and a considerable portion of them were consumed. You will be curious to learn how I should know what their oath is. I will tell you. I have had three men in my room nearly all day, transacting some business. One of them is a lawyer. This lawyer is the counsel and principle adviser of the whole band. I asked him some plain questions, and he took me aside and offered to communicate if I would take the oath. I told him I would decide after he had repeated the oath; he did so and I then declined. It is a very long oath and awfully solemn, and I will venture the opinion that no man can remember more than the general tenor of it by hearing it repeated. The papers dare not speak a word. Hostilities will soon commence. The blow may now be struck, and the next hour may bring us the news. Yours most truly.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Paris, November 20, 1838.

The result of the New York election is not what we had hoped, but rather what we feared. We have not yet received returns from the whole State, but from present appearances the federalists have carried their ticket by a diminished majority from last year, but increased from 1836 There is a Democratic gain in the members of the assembly, but it is doubtful if we shall have a majority on joint ballot. Probably not. In the delegation to Congress the federalists have made a great gain It is, perhaps, well for the cause of Democracy that the federalists should have this gleam of hope, to prevent the disbanding of their forces. It is better for us that they should keep together that we may know where to find them, than that they should attempt an amalgamation, and thus sow the seeds of discord and corruption in our ranks. The people are right and their votes will yet show it. The cause of democracy has prospered during the fall elections, and everything is favorable to the continued triumph of the best interests of the people. Whatever causes may have prevented the present success of the democratic ticket in New York, they afford no reasons for discouragement or despondency.

From Massachusetts we have not yet heard much, but so far as we have information the cause of democracy appears to be progressing there. The federal governor will be elected by a majority considerably diminished from that of last year. We think, also, that we shall have an additional number of Representatives to the State Legislature.

The Court of Common Pleas has been in session at this place during the past week, and adjourned on Saturday, having finished all the business before them.—There were but two criminal trials, one in which the Jury could not agree, for assault and battery. Churchill was indicted for stealing several watches, and pleaded not guilty. It appears that some three weeks since he came to Norway seeking employment as a repairer of watches, and hired a shop there. After remaining there about a fortnight he left, taking with him some ten or a dozen watches that had been left with him for cleaning or repair. He was taken in Mercer on his way, as he said, to Norridgewock, where he had a brother. His defence was, that he was going to get some clothes at his brothers, and took the watches with him to repair and regulate, as he had not suitable tools. His conduct and declarations when taken did not correspond with this explanation The Jury found him guilty, and the Court sentenced him to the State Prison for the term of eighteen months.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Our friends in Massachusetts have indeed done nobly—they have gained a victory worthy of all rejoicing Williams is elected to Congress over Borden by a very handsome majority—there is no election in Parmenter's District—in the other Districts the federal candidates have succeeded.—Argus.

The Post of yesterday says:—

"The Democrats have elected three to the Senate from Bristol, and one, (Pickering) from Norfolk. In Middlesex it is thought there will be no election. The remaining counties the whigs claim to have carried.

In the House of Representatives we shall have a large gain. Roxbury voted all day yesterday without being able to effect a choice, and finally adjourned to 10 o'clock this morning.—The democratic ticket was ahead of any of the others, and we hope our friends will rally strong to-day and carry it. Marblehead elected four good democrats yesterday, and Quincy one. Wellfleet has chosen two democrats—Waltham one dem. and one fed. If we are not mistaken in the individual, Fairhaven has chosen one democrat.

Our nett gain in the popular vote is already FIVE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY FIVE, and will rise to TEN THOUSAND, at least. This, with a gain of four, certainly, and perhaps more, in the Senate, and not short of fifty in the House, is a good year's work for Massachusetts. If we do as well for the next twelve months as we have done for the past twelve, we shall upset the whig apple cart in 1839."

NEW YORK.

The federalists have elected their Governor by 10,000 majority—gained thirteen members of Congress, and will have a majority of thirty on joint ballot, in the Legislature.—Argus.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

From all the information we can obtain, we are impelled to the belief that the preparations of the Canadian insurgents for a vigorous effort during the coming winter, are on an extensive and formidable scale. Deducting 30 per cent. for the exaggerations of Madam Rumor, and John Bull will then have quite a serious job of work to keep his rebellious subjects in order, although we have no doubt that he will succeed in retaining the government of his refractory colonies. Last year the patriots suffered immensely by a want of suitable leaders—and it is to be presumed that they have been taught by experience that sagacity to plan, is as essential to them as strength to execute. There is no disguising the fact that there is an immense deal of sympathy felt for them in the States bordering on the line, and that if they can make sufficient headway to render ultimate success probable, they will receive reinforcements of men and munitions of war to a very considerable extent. It is sincerely to be hoped, however, that the citizens of the States will studiously avoid all acts calculated to embroil our government—which, although it cannot interfere to check individual action, will be found, in good faith, to enforce the doctrine of neutrality in all cases within the sphere of its action. If the insurgents in the event of their success, have the sagacity to establish, and the integrity to maintain a free and liberal government, we assuredly wish them God speed—But if on the contrary these insurgents are fighting for spoils only, and are of a character with the Texian "*patriots*," we see no advantage to be derived from their success, either by the States, or by the cause of civil liberty. We must confess that we have not the most implicit confidence in their attachment for liberty and justice—and that we have serious doubts whether the friends of either would have cause to felicitate themselves on the success of the present rebellion—which does not in a single point, deserve to be compared to the struggle which eventuated in giving freedom to the States.—Eastern Argus.

Nothing can be more unjust than for a newspaper to deceive its readers upon election returns. It makes the wretched system of betting ruinous to many.

The reader will hardly believe that we found the preceding paragraph in the Kennebec Journal—but so it is—and we would fain hope that it may be regarded as one of the first fruits of a repentance long delayed, but still not too late. The Journal was one of those prints which went the farthest in efforts to "*deceive*" the people in relation to the probable result of the late election in this State, and thus causing many to risk their money on the success of Gov. Kent. The Journal, up to the day of the election, *professed* to be sure that Gov. Kent would be re-elected, while it knew very well that there was not one chance in a hundred for him It attempted to "*deceive*" its readers by statements which it knew to be false, and that if it did not succeed, it was because its charater for truth and veracity was "*below par.*"—Eastern Argus.

'You must'nt smoke here, sir,' said the captain of a North River steamboat to a man who was smoking among the ladies on the quarter deck. 'Mus,nt, hey!—why not?' replied he, opening his capacious mouth and allowing the smoke lazily to escape. Didn't you see the sign—all gentlemen are requested not to smoke abaf the engine?'—'—less your soul that don't mean me—I'm not a gentleman—not a bit of it. You can't make a gentleman of me no how you can fix it.' So saying, he, sucked away, and 'took the responsibility.'

The following quaint toast was giving at Wheeling, Va., on the Fourth of July, by Mr Felix O'Neil:—

"The memory of the man
That owned the land,
That raised the corn,
That fed the goose,
That bore the quill,
That made the pen,
That wrote the Declaration of Independence."

A correspondence between a Yankee school master, in Mississippi, and his mother in Maine.

"May 15, 1838.

Dear Son—Come home. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Your affectionate mother, till death"

"July 4th, 1838.

Dear Mother—I wont. Come here. A setting hen never gets fat.

Your dutiful and obedient son."

☞ NOTICE! ☜

We are requested to state that the PEWS in the new Baptist Church in this town will be sold on Monday the 3d day of December next, at 9 o'clock A. M.

☞ A punctual attendance is requested.

MARRIED.

In Norway on the 16th inst. by Rev. L. P. Rand, Mr. Nathan K. Noble, to Miss Hannah B. Crockett, both of N.

In Sumner, by Cha's Andrews, Esq, Mr. John Gardner of Paris, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Col. Sam'l Coburn, of S.

DIED.

In this town, Jairus Emerson, son of Jairus K. and Jane S. King, aged 9 weeks.

In Norway, on the 13th inst. Mrs. ALMIRA, wife of Mr. Wm. Hall, aged 32 years. She died, as she had lived, with triumphant faith in God's illimitable grace. It was truly affecting to see her call her children around her and bid them the last mortal farewell, believing as she did that as to their ultimate salvation their names were written in the records of eternity, and that she SHOULD see them again

She bore her lingering sickness with fortitude and resignation. Her mind was calm and tranquil till the last moment, when turning from her attentive husband, she cast her eyes toward heaven as if angels, whose visage outshines the sun, smiled from the gates of Paradise, to receive her happy spirit. L. P. R

GEORGE F. EMERY,

Attorney at Law,

WATERFORD, ME.

Commissioner's Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Stephen Emery, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of Richard F. Potter, Esq., late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from the sixth inst. are allowed to the said creditors to bring in and prove their claims against said estate, and that they will attend to that service at the dwelling house of Levi Brown in said Waterford on the first Saturdays of February and May next, from one to five o'clock in the afternoon of each of those days.

DANIEL BROWN, } Commis-
DAN'L CHAPMAN, } sioners.

Waterford, Nov. 10, 1838. *3w14

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, John Holland, of Portland, in the County of Cumberland, on the ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, conveyed to the subscriber by mortgage half a lot of land in Greenwood, in the County of Oxford, being the northerly part of Lot No. 6, in the first Range of Lots in that part of said Greenwood which was formerly called Phillips Academy half township, as located, by Uriah Holt, Esq., and the same which the subscriber conveyed to said Holland by deed of even date with said mortgage. Now be it known that the condition of said mortgage having been broken, I hereby claim to foreclose the same.

BENJ. JOSEPH. 14

Nov. 20, 1838.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—PORTER.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Porter in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed for collection to the undersigned collector of said Porter, for the year 1838, in their respective sums following, viz:—

Owners names	Description of Range.	No. of Lot.	No. acres	Value.	Interest.	Tax.	Highway 1837.	Deficient Highway 1837.	Total.
				$	$	c	$ cts	$ cts	c.
Owners names	5	2	50	50	3	19	3 9	3 9	22
Unknown.	9	4					3 9	3 9	

And unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the twenty-first day of March, next. (1839,) so much of said lands, as will discharge the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the store of John Higgins, Esq., in said town of Porter, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on said day. ISAAC STANLEY,

Collector of Porter, for 1838.

Porter, Nov. 12, 1838. 14

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, Commissioners on the Estate of Benjamin Fobes, late of Peru, in said County, deceased, give notice that six months from this date have been allowed said creditors to bring in and prove their claims against said estate; and that they will attend to that service at the dwelling house of James Lunt in said Peru, on the last Saturdays in January and February next, from one till five o'clock, P. M. on said days.

JAMES LUNT, } Commissioners.
GEORGE W. LUNT, }

Peru, August 28 1838. 3w14

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Josiah and Robert Maybury conveyed to me the subscriber by mortgage Deed, April 26, 1838, two parcels of land situated in Waterford; for a particular description of the premises, reference may be had to the Oxford County Records, book 54, page 267, and, whereas the conditions of said deed have been broken, I, the subscriber, claim to foreclose the above mortgage, agreeably to an Act additional to an Act respecting Mortgages and the right of equity of redemption, approved March 20, 1838.

ALGERNON S. HOWE.

Bridgton, Nov. 13, 1838. 3w14

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of license from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, there will be sold at Public Auction at the homestead farm of James H Withington late of Peru, deceased, of sa'd County of Oxford on Tuesday the eighteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock A. M. so much of the real estate of the said Withington, including the reversion of the widow's dower, therein, if necessary, as will produce the sum of two hundred and sixty dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration, and incidental charges; said estate consists in all the right and title said Withington had in his homestead farm,—also a lot or parcel of land called the Thurston place, lying in said Peru,—also a pew in the meeting house in Rumford, near Alvan Bolster's.

JAMES ADAMS.

Peru, Nov. 12, 1838.

NOTICE.

CAME into the inclosure of the subscriber, on the first day of November, one brown Colt, supposed to be three years old Said colt has a star in the forehead and one white hind foot. The owner is hereby requested to prove property, pay charges, and take the same away. ISRAEL KIMBALL.

East Bethel, Nov. 13, 1838. 14

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution the same having been previously attached on the writ and will be sold at public Vendue at the Inn of O. S. Cofran in Waterford, in said County of Oxford, on Monday the 17th day of December next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, all the right that Sumner Stone has to redeem the equity of redemption in a parcel of Real Estate, situate in the Upper Village, so called, in said Waterford, being the same premises that are now occupied by Oliver S. Cofran, for a Tavern, and being the same premises that the said Stone conveyed to Daniel Brown, Esq., by Mortgage Deed, dated the sixteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, to secure the payment of fifteen hundred dollars payable one fourth in three months, one fourth in one year, and one fourth in two years, and one fourth in three years from the date of said Mortgage Deed, with interest annually. The said Stone's right in equity to redeem said premises having been previously sold, viz: on the fifteenth day of January last past to William C. Whitney, Esq., for the sum of six hundred and eighty dollars.

Also, taken as above, and will be sold at the same time and place, at Public Vendue, all the right that the said Stone has to redeem the equity of redemption in a certain farm situate in the easterly part of Waterford aforesaid; being the same farm that the said Stone conveyed to William C. Whitney, Esq., by Mortgage Deed, dated the thirteenth day of June A. D. 1832, to secure the payment of seven hundred and forty-seven dollars, payable in two years from the date of said Deed, with interest annually. The said Stone's right in equity to redeem said premises having been previously sold to William C. Whitney, Esq., for the sum of seven hundred dollars. Reference being had to the above mentioned Deeds for a more particular description of both of said pieces of land. Further particulars made known at the time and place of sale.

SAM'L PLUMMER, Dep'ty Sheriff.

Waterford, Nov. 5, 1838.

Threshing Machines.

LUTHER F. PINGREE of Oxford, manufactures the best of Threshing Machines and has two now on hand. He also manufactures at his Shop CLAPBOARD & SHINGLE MACHINES at order, and at the shortest notice.

Oxford, Nov. 6th, 1838. 3—13

Public Notice.

WHEREAS I, John Conant of Alfred, in the County of York and State of Maine, have claim to one sixteenth part in common and undivided of Township numbered Two in the fifth Range West of Kennebec Bingham's Purchase in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, which was sold and conveyed in fee and in mortgage to Cyrus K. Conant then of Harrison, in the County of Cumberland, by John Lindsey and Charles Baker of Portland in said County of Cumberland, by their mortgage deed dated June first, A D. 1835, and duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds in said County of Oxford, and which said Cyrus K. Conant conveyed and assigned to me by his deed dated June seventh, A. D. 1838,—And whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, the said John Conant claims to foreclose the aforesaid mortgage agreeably to "An Act additional to an Act respecting mortgages and the right in equity of redemption," passed March 20th, 1838.

Dated at Alfred the tenth day of November, A. D. 1838. JOHN CONANT.

3—13

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

MOSES H. TREADWELL,

late of Waterford in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to THOMAS TREADWELL.

Waterford, Nov. 6, 1838. *—13

☞ *CASH WANTED!!* ☜

ALL demands due the subscriber must be paid by the *first day of January next*, or cost will be made.—*No Mistake!!!* W. E GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, Nov. 5, 1838. 3w12

NOTICE!!

All persons are cautioned against purchasing a Note signed by the subscriber, running to Thomas A. Drown, or order, for $400,00 and dated sometime between the first day of July 1837, and the the first day of May 1838. Said Note having been obtained without any consideration, I am determined never to pay the same.

TIMOTHY RICKER.

Oxford Oct. 30th. 1838. *3w12

Buffalo Robes,

FUR Seal, Nutre, and Seal CAPS, and Fur and Nutre COLLARS, just received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, by W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, Nov. 5, 1838. 3w12

APPROVED BOOKS FOR SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By R. G. Parker, A. M, principal of the Franklin Grammar School, Boston.—Twelfth stereotype edition.

From Dr. Fox, Principal of the Boylston School, Boston.

This little manual, by the simplicity of its arrangement, is calculated to destroy the repugnance, and to remove obstacles which exist in the minds of young scholars to performing the task of composition. I think this work will be found a valuable auxilary to facilitate the progress of the scholar, and lighten the labor of the teacher.

THE CLASS BOOK OF ANATOMY,

explanatory of the first principles of Human Organization, as the basis of Physical Education; with numerous Illustrations, a full Glossary, or explanation of technical terms, and practical questions at the bottom of the page. By J. V. C. Smith, M. D., formerly Professor of General Anatomy and Physiology in the Berkshire Medical Institution. New stereotype edition, revised and enlarged.

☞ This work has received the highest testimonials of approbation from the most respectable sources, and has already been adopted as a text bood in several schools and colleges in various sections of the United States.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR, & ALGER'S MURRAY'S EXERCISES,

For sale, by WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Oct. 30, 1838. 1mis

To the Honorable County Commissioners of the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned would humbly represent, that the town road leading from the county road commencing near Elbridge Harnden's in Fryeburg to Denmark centre is crooked, and one very bad hill in said road—the same may be avoided by laying out a straight road, or by straightening said road with very little expense

We therefore pray your Honors to examine said road as soon as convenient and make such alterations as in your judgment you may think necessary, and make the whole route through Denmark a county road. No alteration of said road in the town of Fryeburg is prayed for. As in duty bound will ever pray,

AMOS POOR, and 4 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for said county of Oxford on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1838.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the Post Office in said Denmark, on Saturday the 22d, day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the clerk of said town of Denmark, and on the county Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Denmark, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have why the prayer of said petiton should not be granted.

Attest—THOMAS CLARK, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and order thereon.

Attest—THOMAS CLARK, Clerk.

New and Valuable School Books.

THE NATIONAL ARITHMETIC, on the inductive system; combining the Analytic and Synthetic methods, in which the principles of *Arithmetic* are explained and illustrated in a perspicuous and familiar manner; containing, also, practical systems of Mensuration, Gauging, Geometry, Book-keeping, &c., and much practical information connected with trade and commerce—forming a complete Mercantile Arithmetic. Designed for Schools and Academies throughout the United States. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. Preceptor of Bradford Academy. New Stereotype Edition with corrections and improvements.

☞ This work is highly approved and recommended by teachers who have used it, and its superior merits have already given it an introduction into many of the best Schools and Academies in the New England States which is a favorable indication that it will assume a high rank in this department of science.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From Mr. Page, Principal of the English High School, Newburyport.

Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq Dear Sir: I have with much care examined the National Arithmetic, of which you are the author, and after having compared it, *article by article*, with the various other publications that have come to my hands, I hesitate not to say, that it contains a greater amount of matter, and a better arrangement of subjects, than any other book I have seen. Your rules and explanations are clear and definite, and your examples are well calculated to fix them in the mind. I congratulate the community on this valuable accession to our list of school books; and shall take pleasure in seeing your Arithmetic extensively introduced into all our schools, as also into that under my own care.

Yours, with just respect,

DAVID P. PAGE.

Newburyport, Mass., March 5, 1836.

From the Preceptor of Hampton Falls (N. H) Academy.

I have used the National Arithmetic the past season, and am much pleased with it; and upon thorough examination and comparison with others, I think it not only superior to any of them, but will answer us a substitute for nearly all the arithmetics now in use.

Very respectfully, yours,

OLIVER AYER.

Hampton Falls, April 5th, 1836.

—ALSO—

A KEY TO THE NATIONAL ARITHMETIC, exhibiting the operation of the more difficult questions in that work. By the Author. *Designed for the use of teachers only.*

For sale to Teachers and School Committees, by

WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Oct. 30, 1838. 1mis

Watches, Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.

THE subscriber expresses his gratitude to his friends and the public for their patronage and other favors conferred on him heretofore; and gives notice that he has lately purchased a good assortment of materials for

Watch Repairing.

He has also a good variety of SPECTACLES, a few good WATCHES, *Watch Furniture, Silver* and *Plated* TEA SPOONS, EVER POINTED PENCIL CASES, THIMBLES, &c. He invites his customers to call and examine for themselves.

☞ CASH paid for old SILVER and GOLD.

SIMEON WALTON.

Paris Hill, Nov. 6, 1838.

ASHES

WANTED in exchange for Goods. Also, *Flannel, Cloth, Yarn, Mittens*, and *Footings*, for which the highest price will be paid.

FRANCIS BEMIS.

Paris-Hill, Nov. 6, 1838. 4w12

WHITE WINE.

Among all the dolorous cries with which the hawkers of our city assail the public ear, none has a more distressful twang than those of the sellers of *"white wine,"* as they denominate that article which, in swate Ireland, and among the dairy women, is neither more nor less than buttermilk.

'Who-ite wine! who-ite wine," said a blackey with a tub jolting on a wheel barrow.

'What have you got in that are tub?" said a countryman.

'White wine, massa. Will you have a pint?'

'Why, I don't care if I do, if it's raal cheap.'

'O cheap as dirt. Only trippence a pint, messa.'

'Well, give us a pint,' said the countryman, handing out three cents. 'I should like deuced-ly to know how white wine tastes.' He put it to his lips, and being, as he said, rather droughty, he took a hearty swig before he discovered the nature of the article. When, conceiving himself to be hoaxed, he took the cup from his mouth, and dashed the remainder of the contents into the face of the African.—'There, take that, you infernal black nigger, you.'

'Me take dat? for what you so ginerous massa?' said Cuffee, half disposed to laugh, and half to be angry.

'You rampactious rascall!' said the countryman, "did'nt you tell me it was white wine?'

'To be sure, massa; and did'nt I tell you de trute?'

'De trute! I'll trute ye, if you ever cheat me again in this manner.'

'No cheat in de world, massa. Fust gemmen in the city drink it.'

'The more fools they to drink swill when there are so many hogs in the street.'

'Och, by the powers,' said an Irishman, who came along, 'he's bought a poke in a pig now. Hark'ee, sir, always taste a thing before you put it to your lips, and then you'll not be chaited.'

'Pox darn it,' said the countryman who perceived a crowd gathering around, 'I shall be sport for the whole city if I stay here.' So saying he prudently withdrew, muttering to himself that he was the tarnelest fool that ever was, to give three cents for a pint of buttermilk, when he could get a barrel full at home for nothing.

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